

GORDON



BY
ARA CONE BRYANT



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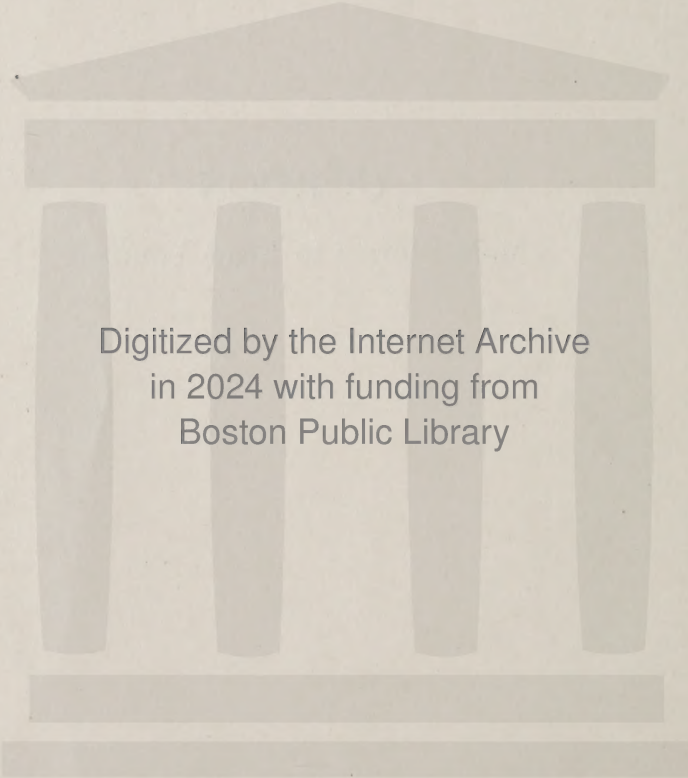


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GORDON

More Stories to Read Yourself



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BY

SARA CONE BRYANT



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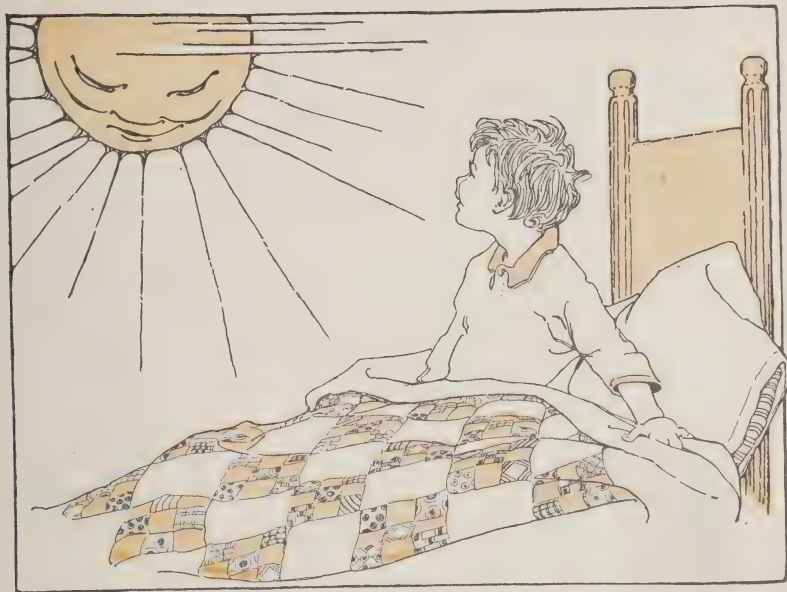
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FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
GORDON WAKES UP

It was early, early morning
in Gordon's house.
Gordon was in bed.
The golden Sun looked in at the window
and saw him in bed.
The golden Sun touched Gordon's cheek
with his warm sunbeam, to say,

“ Good morning ! ”

Gordon waked up.

It was very still in the house.

The warm bright sunbeam
lay on the floor and on the bed.

A sweet smell came in
at the open window.
It was the smell of apple blossoms.

Gordon got out of bed.
He went *patter, patter*,
on his bare tippy-toes,
to Mother's door.

It was very still
on the other side of Mother's door.
Mother was not awake.
Father was not awake.

Gordon went *patter, patter*,
on his tippy-toes,
to Brother Dick's door.

He heard a little noise
on the other side of Dick's door.
He knocked, softly.

"Who is that?" said Dick.

"It is Gordon!" said Gordon.

"Come in," said Dick.

GORDON AND DICK

Gordon went into Dick's room.
He shut the door carefully.
Dick was out of bed.
He was dressing.

"Don't make a noise, Gordon,"
Dick said. "It is only five o'clock.
Get into my bed."

Gordon sat up in Dick's bed
and watched Dick.

"What are you going to do, Dickie?"
he whispered.

“I am going to take a little ride,”
said Dick.

“Oh!” said Gordon. “Me, too!
Take me for a little ride, too!”

“It is not time for you to be up,”
said big Dick.

“You go to sleep, dear.”

“Yes, it is time for me to be up,”
said Gordon. “I am up.
I waked up.

Please, Dickie, take me, too!”

Dickie laughed.

He loved Gordon very much.
He thought it would be nice
to have Gordon with him.

Dick said, “I wonder
if Mother would like it.”

“Mother isn’t waked up,”
said Gordon. “You can’t ask her.”

Dick thought about it, carefully.

“Well,” he said, “we shall be back before breakfast.

Go and get your clothes.

But don’t make a noise.”

GETTING DRESSED

Gordon ran, *patter, patter*, on his little bare feet, to his room. His clothes were on a chair by his bed. His boots were on the floor, side by side.

He took all the clothes and the boots in his arms, and ran *patter, patter*, back to Dick’s room.

“Bump !” One of his little boots fell on the floor.

“Sh !” said Dick.

Gordon stooped and picked up his boot.



“Bump!” The other little boot
fell on the floor.

“*Sh-sh!*” said Dick.

“I *am* shushing,” whispered Gordon.

He sat down on the floor
and put on his stockings.

His toes kept going into the heels
of his stockings.

He pulled and pulled.

The stockings would not hurry.

“I will help you, old chap,” said Dick,
sitting down beside him.

Gordon did like it
when Dick said "old chap."
It made him feel so grown up!

So Dick helped Gordon dress.
He helped him wash,
and helped him brush his hair.
Gordon put on a sweater
and Dick put on a sweater.
But they did not put on their boots.
They held their boots in their hands.

Softly, on their tip-toes,
they went downstairs,
big Dick, and little Gordon.

DOWNSTAIRS

It was very still downstairs.
Blackie, the old mother cat,
came purring to meet them.
She rubbed against Gordon's legs.



Gordon said, "Sh ! Blackie !"

Dick and Gordon put on their boots.
They opened the kitchen door,
and went out.
How sweet it did smell out of doors !
The roosters were crowing,
over in Lanes' yard.

A bird was singing in the maple tree
high over their heads.

The grass had shiny drops on it.

“I love five o’clock in the morning!”
said little Gordon.

“So do I,” said Dick.

IN THE BARN

They opened the barn door.
It was the little door
in the side of the barn.
Betsy, the brown pony,
was in her stall.
Betsy was not asleep.
She turned her head and looked at them
with her bright brown eyes.
She made a whinnying noise.
Perhaps it was Betsy’s way
of saying, “Good morning.”

Dick patted Betsy ; she was his pony.
Gordon patted Betsy ; he loved her.
Dick went to get a pail of water
for Betsy.

“ I will get the oats,” said Gordon.
He took the measure.

THE OAT BIN

When Dick came back with the water,
Gordon was not there.

“ Where are you, Gordon ? ” said Dick.

“ Here ! ” said a little voice.

It sounded far away.

“ Where ? ” said Dick,
looking all around.

“ Here in the bin, getting oats,”
said the little, far-away voice.

Dick went to the oat bin,
and looked in.

There stood Gordon,
in the midst of the oats !
He was filling the measure with oats
for Betsy.

His head came
just to the top of the bin.

“ Did you fall in ? ” said Dick.

“ Oh, no, I climbed in,” said Gordon.

“ I can climb out, too.”

“ Well, well,” said Dick.

“ There is more than one way
to do most things ! ”

Gordon did not understand this,
but he did not care.

He was happy.

Dick helped him out of the bin.

They gave Betsy her breakfast,
and they brushed her brown coat,
with a stiff brush.

Then they put her harness on her.

Then Dick pulled the pony cart out from its corner.

Gordon helped pull the pony cart.

THE PONY CART

The pony cart was so pretty!
Father had made it out of a bigger one.
Father had painted the wheels
red and yellow.

The body was like a big basket.
Mother had put
black and yellow cushions
on the seats.

There was a red ribbon
on the little whip.

Dick and Gordon liked the pony cart.
Betsy liked it, too.

They harnessed Betsy to the pony cart.



Then they got into the cart.
They sat on the pretty cushions.
Betsy looked around at them.

GORDON DRIVES

"You may drive a little way, Gordon," said Dick.

Gordon liked to drive.
He held the reins,
and Betsy walked slowly out of the yard.
Gordon pulled the right rein,
and Betsy turned to the right.

"No," said Dick.
"We are going to Westport."

So Gordon pulled the left rein,
and Betsy turned to the left.
She trotted off, to Westport.

Trot, trot, trot, oh, how nice it was,
at five o'clock in the morning!

Soon they crossed the bridge
over Ripply Brook.
The water was bubbling
over the stones.

It was making a soft merry noise.

Gordon saw a bright red flower
by the water.

He saw a bird with a yellow cap,
drinking from the brook.

The bird rose and flew away ;
it made a merry bubbling song.

Trot, trot, trot, went Betsy.

Soon they were in the country.
A big, black and brown dog, like Bruno,
came out of a yard.

He barked and wagged his tail
for " Good morning."

" Chirup ! Chirup !" said Gordon.
" Go faster, Betsy."

But Betsy thought she was trotting
fast enough.

Gordon took hold of the whip
with the little red ribbon on it.

NO WHIP FOR BETSY

“No, no,” said Dick.

“Put the whip back, dear.

Never touch a whip to a willing horse.”

“Is Betsy a willing horse?”
said Gordon.

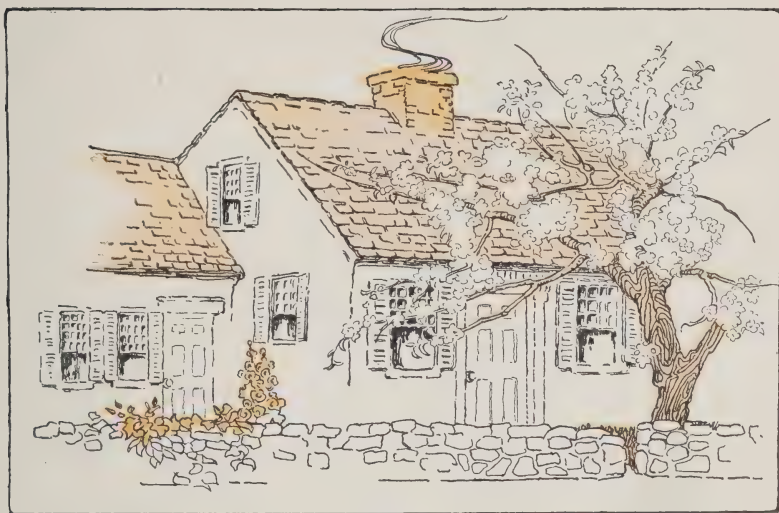
“Betsy is a kind, willing pony,
and we never whip her,” said Dick.

“Then what is the whip for?”
said Gordon.

“What is the whip for?” said Dick.
“Well, we might need to go very fast
all of a sudden.

Then we might need a whip.
Betsy is not used to a whip,
and if she felt just a touch, she would run.”

“Why would we need to go fast?”
said Gordon.



Dick laughed.

“No more questions,” he said.

“I am going to drive now.”

DICK DRIVES

So Dick drove.

They drove past fields
where sheep and cows were.
They drove past houses
where smoke was coming

out of the chimneys.

They came to a small farm house
with an apple tree by the door.

The apple tree
was full of pink-and-white blossoms.

Dick pulled the right rein,
and Betsy turned in at the drive.

“Oh, it is Mrs. Turner’s house,
where Mother gets her fresh eggs!”
said Gordon.

“I want to see the chickies, Dick,
and the ducks by the water.”

“All right,” said Dick.

“We will ask Mrs. Turner.”

“Will Mrs. Turner be waked up?”
said Gordon.

“Yes,” said Dick, “this is a farm.
People have to get up early on farms.”

Mrs. Turner was up.

She came to the kitchen door, and said,

“Well, well, here’s Gordon with you! Aren’t you up early, young man?”

“Yes, I am,” said Gordon.

“I drove Betsy part way.

Please may I go to see the chickens?”

“Yes, dear,” said Mrs. Turner.

“You just go where you like.

I know you never chase the animals; you are a good boy.”

“Thank you!” said Gordon.

AT THE FARM

“I suppose you came for the eggs for Mother,” said Mrs. Turner to Dick.

“Yes, please, Mrs. Turner,” said Dick.

Dick took the egg case
out of the pony cart,
and carried it into the kitchen.

Gordon came, too.

Mrs. Turner went into the pantry.

When Mrs. Turner
came out of the pantry,
she had a blue pitcher of milk.
She put the pitcher of milk
on the table,
and went into the pantry again.
When she came out, this time,
she put a plate of bread
and a plate of honey
on the table.



“I know Gordon can drink a little milk before breakfast,” she said.

“And I think perhaps you can !”

“I think I can !” said Dick.

“Thank you, very much !”

Mrs. Turner poured out
two glasses of milk,
and buttered two slices of bread.
She gave them some yellow honey,
in a little blue saucer.
It was to eat on the bread and butter.

Bread and milk and honey
is very, very good after a pony ride,
early in the morning.
Dick thought so,
and Gordon thought so, too.
They ate all the bread
and honey,
and drank all the milk.

"Take Gordon to see the animals," said Mrs. Turner.

"I will set the egg case in the cart when it is ready."

When they had started,
Mrs. Turner called after them,

"There is something in the barn
Gordon will like to see."

IN THE TURNERS' BARN

So they went to the barn first.
In the barn Mr. Turner was working.
He said, "Well, Dick! Well, Gordon!
You are up early, this morning."

"Yes, Mr. Turner, we are," said Dick.
"Our club plays base-ball to-day,
at nine o'clock.
I shall not have much time
after breakfast,

So I thought I would drive up early
and get the fresh eggs."

"Good for you," said Mr. Turner.

"What is in the barn
I shall be glad to see?" said Gordon.

"What? O-ho! I know,"
said Mr. Turner. "Sure enough,
there *is* something you will like to see."

Mr. Turner led them
into the cow-barn.

A big gentle cow was standing there.
She was light brown
with some white on her head.

Gordon went near, to stroke her.

"Oh, look, *look*, Dick!" he cried.
"Look at the baby cow!"

Close beside the pretty brown cow
was a little calf,
so little, and pretty!



It was just a baby calf.

It was light brown and white,
like its mother.

Its legs were long
and its head was big.

It was funny-looking, but so pretty !

BROWNIE

“Isn’t it a dear little cow !”

Gordon said. “I love it !”

Dick patted Gordon’s hand.

“It is a calf,” he said.

“A baby cow is a calf.”

“Well, it is a nice calf,” said Gordon.

“I want to play with it.”

Mr. Turner said,

“The little calf is too young to play.

It is only four days old.

Mrs. Turner has named it ‘Brownie.’”

“Brownie, nice Brownie,”
said Gordon.

He patted the little calf.

The mother cow watched them
with big, soft eyes.

Perhaps she watched to be sure
they would not hurt Brownie.

THE WEB-FOOTED DUCKS

Dick and Gordon watched the baby calf and its mother for a while.

Then they went down to the duck pond and watched the ducks swimming in the water.

The ducks made a great noise when Dick and Gordon came.

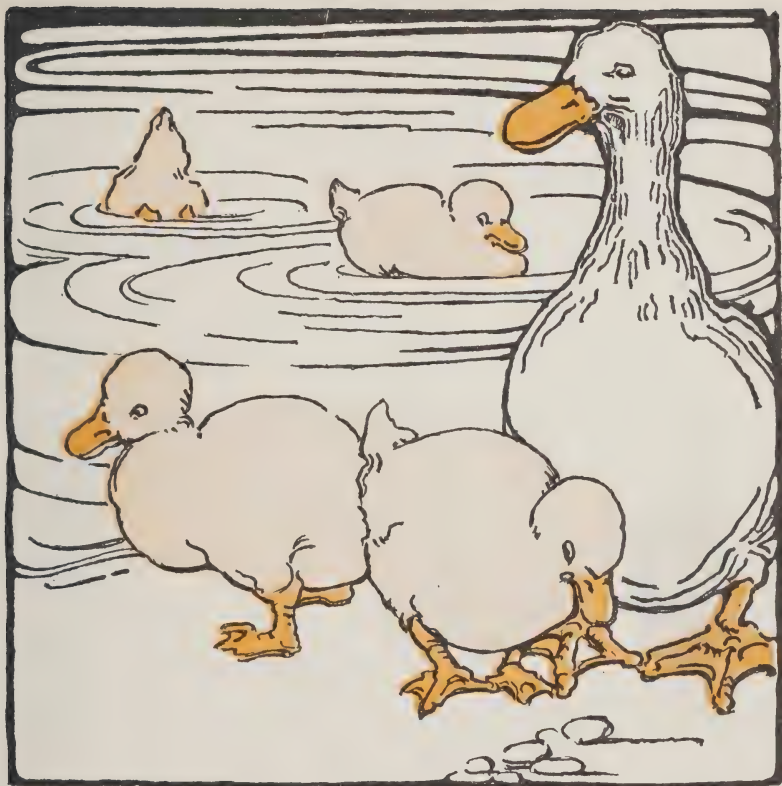
They said, "Quack! Quack! Wa-wack!"

Some were big white ducks, and some were little white ducks.

They all had bright yellow bills and bright yellow feet.

Their toes spread out in the soft mud like yellow fans.

They stood on their heads in the water, just the way Dick sometimes stood on his head, on the grass, for fun.



When the ducks stood on their heads
in the water,
their bright yellow feet stuck right up.

Then the ducks bobbed up again.
Up came their white heads
and yellow bills.

Down went their yellow feet.

They were finding things to eat,
in the water.

“What makes their feet so funny?”
said Gordon.

“They swim with them,” said Dick.
“They have skin between their toes,
so they can push the water hard.”

“Yellow skin!” said Gordon.

“Yes,” said Dick.

“We call it webs. Ducks are web-footed.”

“Web-footed,” said Gordon.

“What a funny name!”

“A funny name for a funny foot,”
said Dick.

TIME TO GO HOME

All at once Dick looked at his watch.

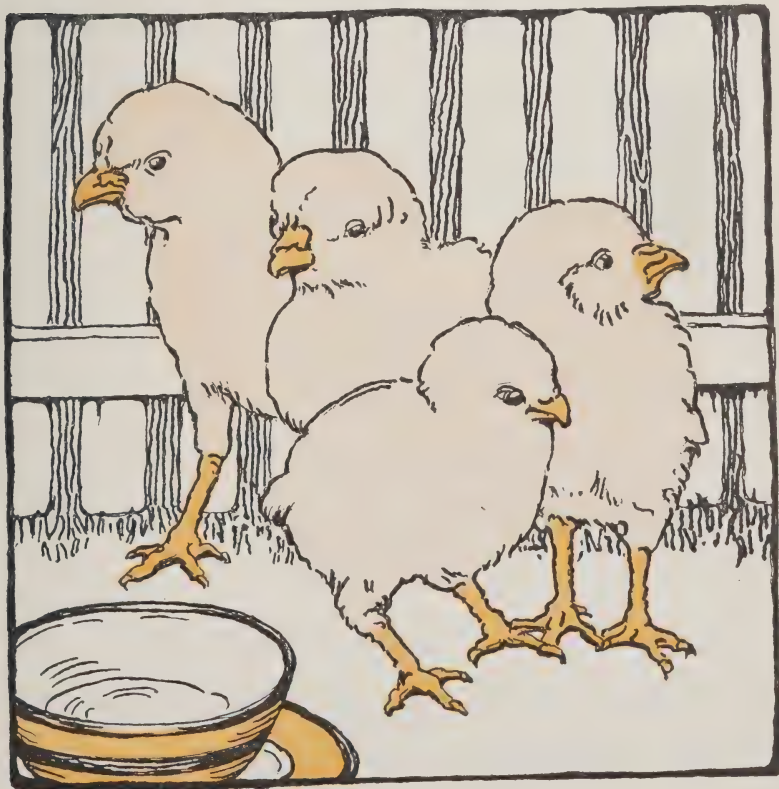
“Why,” he said, “it is after seven.

We must hurry back.

Come along, Gordon."

"We have to see the chickens!"
said Gordon, very fast.

"Mrs. Turner always has chickens."
So they went to see the chickens.



The chickens were very tiny.

They were much smaller
than the web-footed ducks.

They were yellow like butter,
and round and fluffy.

When Dick and Gordon came,
the chickens ran to them,
and called "cheep, cheep"
in their high, squeaky voices.

Gordon wanted to feed them,
but Dick said,

"No, we must go home now.

It is time for breakfast."

They said good-bye to Mrs. Turner,
who had put the case of eggs
in the cart.

Dick took the reins,
and off trotted Betsy, *tut-trot* — *tut-trot*,
on the way home.

A WHIP IS SOMETIMES GOOD

The road had been very still
when they drove from home.

But now they saw motor trucks
going to market.

They met people walking.

There was much to look at,
and Gordon liked it all very much.

Dick drove carefully.

They were coming along happily.

A little way ahead
a motor truck was standing in a yard,
close to the road.

The driver was not there.

Perhaps he had gone into the house.

Dick and Gordon saw the motor truck.
The yard was higher than the road,
so the driveway made a little hill.
The truck was on the little hill.

“Is that a truck, Dick?”
asked Gordon.

Dick looked. “Yes,” he said.

“I guess I could drive it,”
said Gordon.

Dick smiled.

Then all at once Gordon said,
“Look, Dickie, look!
The truck is moving!
It hasn’t got its brake on! Look, Dickie!”

Dick looked.
The truck was slipping, sliding,
down into the road!
As he looked, it came faster and faster.

It was too late to stop Betsy.
If she stopped now,
the truck would run right into them.

Dick reached for the whip.
He gave Betsy one hard blow.



Betsy leaped with surprise,
and shot ahead.

She began to run.

The truck brushed past the back wheels
of the pony cart,
so close that Gordon clung to Dick.
They heard a crash
and a splintering sound.

“Broke the fence,” said Dick.
Gordon looked behind.
He saw the truck, half in the ditch,
at the side of the road.
The fence was broken.

Dick had hard work to quiet Betsy.
She ran hard for a while.
Betsy was not used to whips.

But Dick talked to her,
very quietly and kindly,
and held the reins firmly.

And soon she trotted quietly again.

Gordon was excited, too.

He kept looking back,
along the road to Westport.

After a while Dick said,

“It is good we had the whip with us.”

“Oh, yes!” said Gordon.

“And it is good
that Betsy is not used to a whip,”
said Dick.

“She would not have got out of the way
so fast, if she had been used to whips.”

“No,” said Gordon.

“I guess Betsy saved us
from a big bump!”

“I guess she did,” said Dick,
putting his arm around Gordon.

“She shall have some sugar lumps
when we get home.”

HOME AGAIN

It was eight o'clock when Betsy trotted into the home yard.

Mother was standing on the lawn, looking down the street.

"Mother! Mother! We went for eggs, and we saw a baby cow and some beautiful ducks!" called Gordon, as soon as he saw her.

"I hope you did not worry, Mother dearest," said Dick, when Betsy stopped.

"Gordon wanted to go so much, and I did not want to wake you."

"Well," said Mother, "I suppose I did worry a little.

But I saw that Betsy was gone, and the cart was gone, and the egg case was gone.

So I knew you had taken Gordon
with you to the farm,
to get the fresh eggs.

But, please, Dick,
next time wake me up and ask."

"I will, Mother. I am sorry,"
said Dick.

Dick took the egg case
into the kitchen.

He unharnessed Betsy,
and tied her to the hitching post
under the tree.

Then they went in to breakfast
and Gordon ate two dishes of cereal
and drank two mugs of milk.

When you get up
at five o'clock in the morning,
you are almost ready for dinner,
by eight o'clock !

DAYS IN BED

One day, Gordon's little friend, Mary, came across the street to Gordon's house.

She knocked at the door.
Gordon's mother opened the door.

"How do you do, Mary,"
said Gordon's mother.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hall,"
said Mary.

"May Gordon come out?"

"Gordon has the whooping cough,"
said his mother.

"He must stay in bed for a while.
Then he must play alone
for a while, after that.

Whooping cough is very catching."

"Oh, dear!" said Mary.

"I am so sorry. Poor Gordon."

“Thank you, dear,” said Mrs. Hall.
“I will tell Gordon
you are sorry for him.
He feels very sick to-day.”

“Poor Gordon,” said Mary, again.

“Please tell your mother
that Gordon has the whooping cough,”
said Mrs. Hall.

“He will have to play alone
for three weeks.”

Mary went home
and told her mother
that Gordon had whooping cough.
Mother was very sorry,
and Mary was very sorry.

She was sorry
for Gordon to be sick,
and she was sorry
not to play with him.

Gordon and Mary
always had good times playing.

Upstairs, Gordon was in his bed.
He felt very sick.
His head felt sick,
and his throat felt sick.

The bad cough came so often
that he was all tired out.
When it came, it choked him.
He coughed and coughed.

Mother was a great comfort.
She stayed close by him,
and did many things
to make him feel better.

Gordon was in bed a whole week.

Mary's mother sent Gordon
a dish of fruit jelly.
It was very nice to eat,
and so cool !



Father brought a new book
home from the city.

It was full of pictures of birds.
Gordon did love pictures of birds.

Dick made a horse out of wood,
and gave it to Gordon.

Gordon painted the horse
with paints from his paint box.

So the days went by, in bed.

The nights did not go by
so well as the days.

They seemed much longer.

When night came,
the bad cough always came, too.
Sometimes Gordon choked so hard
that he could not get any breath.
When he did get his breath again,
he was so tired that he cried.

Then Mother was
the greatest comfort.
She was always there.
When the choking cough was over,
she bathed his face,
and rubbed his back, too,
and sat with him
till he went to sleep again.

"Tell me a story, please, Mother!"
Gordon said, every night.

Every night
Mother told him a story.
Sometimes it was a soft, sleepy story,

and sometimes it was a jolly story.
Sometimes it was verses
that told a story.
And sometimes it was a song
that told a story.

But always
it was just the right story for Gordon.
It always made him forget
the bad cough, and feel happy,
so that he went to sleep.

The first story
Gordon's mother told him,
when he was in bed
with the whooping cough,
was the story of the Dog
and the Kitty Cats.

If you look on the next page
you will find the story,
just as Mother told it to Gordon.

THE DOG AND THE KITTY CATS

Once there was
a big, gray mother Cat.
She had a little gray Kitten.
The mother Cat lay down
on the warm, sunny door-step,
and said,
“Mew, come here !
Mew, come here !”

The little gray Kitten came,
and crept close
to her mother's warm fur,
and said, “Pur-r-r-r, pur-r-r-r !”

Just then, along came the big, black
Dog
from next door.
He said, “Bow-wow ! Bow-wow !”
The two Kitty Cats were afraid.
They were so afraid that they ran away.



They ran as fast as they could,
away from there.

At last, the mother Cat
found a cozy corner, behind the barn.
She lay down again, all out of breath,
and said, "Mew, come here!
Mew, come here!"

So the little gray Kitty crept
as close as she could
to her mother's soft, warm fur,
and said, "Pur-r-r, pur-r-r!"

But just as they had settled down,
round the corner came the big, black Dog
again, and said, "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!"

Oh, how they jumped !
They ran, ran, ran,
as fast as they could.
They ran far away from the barn,
down into the orchard.

At last they stopped
under the old apple tree,
in the orchard.
Then the mother Cat lay down again,
all tired out, and said,
“ Mew, come here !
Mew, come here ! ”

The little gray Kitty
crept as close as she could.
She was tired, too.
She lay down
against her mother's soft, warm fur,
and said, “ Pur-r-r, pur-r-r,”
in a weak little voice.



But just as they had settled down
up came that bad black Dog again,
and said, "Bow-wow ! Bow-wow-wow !"

Then !

That mother Cat just stood up.
She put up her back, high,
and she made her tail stiff.
She made a *terrible* face
at the Dog, and she said,
"S-s-s-s-s-s-s !"

And what do you think ?
Did the old black Dog say,
"Bow-wow ! Bow wow" ?
No, he did not.

The old black Dog was afraid !
He was so afraid
that he put his tail between his legs,
and ran away !

He ran away as fast as he could,
out of the orchard,
up to the barn.

He knew that the mother Cat
would *scratch* when she made a face
like that.

So, then, the mother Cat lay down,
not at all afraid.

And she said, " Mew, come here !
Mew, come here ! "

The little gray Kitty came and
lay down, happy and safe,
close to her mother's soft fur,
and said, in a happy little voice,
" Pur-r-r-r ! Pur-r-r-r ! "

THE NEXT STORY

The next story
that Mother told to Gordon
was about a little Rabbit
who had the earache.

Gordon had such an ache in his ear
that he wanted to cry.

And his cough was so bad
that he wanted to cry.

And when the cough came
the ache in his ear was worse.

So he held tightly to Mother's hand,
and said,

“Tell a long story,
please, Mother, dear.”

Mother told a long story ;
it was all about the time

“When Peter Rabbit had the Earache.”
This is the story :



WHEN PETER RABBIT HAD THE EARACHE

Once Peter Rabbit had the earache.
He kept his hand over his ear,
and cried.

So Mother Rabbit started out
with her shawl and basket,
to go to the little flannel bush
in the hollow,
to get some leaves for a poultice.

She started to go by the short cut,
across the brook by the old pear tree.
But when she got into the path,
it was all muddy, and full of puddles.
Every time she gave a good jump,
she landed in a puddle,
and wet her shawl and basket.
She could not hurry,
because the mud was so sticky.

So she had to go around
by the long way, over the hill,
past the white birch trees.
As she was hurrying along,
she met Brother Fox.

“Where are you going so fast,
Mother Rabbit?” he said.

Mother Rabbit said, —

“I am going to the little flannel bush
in the hollow, to get some leaves

to make a poultice
for my darling little Peter,
who has the earache."

"Oh, Mother Rabbit," said
Brother Fox, "all my four little Foxes
have the earache, too.

They are sitting
with their hands over their ears,
crying.

Let me go with you,
to get some leaves to make a poultice."

So they hurried on, together.

Just beyond the white birch trees,
they met Johnny Woodchuck.

"Hullo," he said, "where are you
going so fast, you two?"

"We are going
to the little flannel bush in the hollow,"
said Mother Rabbit.

“We must get some leaves
to make a poultice
for my darling little Peter,
who has the earache,
and for the little Foxes,
who have the earache, too.”

“Oh, let me go with you,”
said Johnny Woodchuck.

“My little brother and sister
both have the earache.
They are sitting
with their hands over their ears,
crying.”

So they hurried on, together.

When they came
to the little flannel bush
in the hollow,
they stripped off the leaves.
Mother Rabbit filled her basket,



and Brother Fox filled his pockets,
and Johnny Woodchuck filled his hat.
Then they hurried home.

When they came
to the white birch trees,
Johnny Woodchuck said,
“I don’t know how to make a poultice,
Mother Rabbit.”

“Well, I will make it for you,
after I make one

for my darling little Peter,”
said Mother Rabbit.

“Thank you,” said Johnny Woodchuck;
and he ran away home
to tell his little brother and sister
to be patient.

Mother Rabbit and Brother Fox
hurried on, together.

When they came to a turn
in the path, Brother Fox said,
“How do you make a poultice,
Mother Rabbit?”

“I will make it for you,
as soon as I have made one
for my darling little Peter,”
said Mother Rabbit.

“Thank you, very much,”
said Brother Fox.

“You are very kind,”

and he ran away home
as fast as he could hurry,
to tell his little Foxes to be patient.

Mother Rabbit hurried on home,
and went up the path,
and opened the door.

There sat her darling little Peter
with his hand over his ear, crying.

So Mother Rabbit put down
her basket and shawl.
She stirred the fire
in the kitchen stove.

Then she took the flannel leaves
and made a warm, warm poultice,
and put it in a warm, warm cloth,
and tied it
on her darling little Peter's ear,
and put him in his warm, warm bed.
He fell fast asleep.

As soon as her darling little Peter
was fast asleep,
Mother Rabbit put on her shawl.
She took her basket over her arm,
and started out for Brother Fox's house.

She was a little tired,
but she hurried along
as fast as she could.

When she got there,
she knocked at the door and went in.

There sat the four little Foxes,
very close together,
with their hands over their ears, crying.

So Mother Rabbit fixed the fire.



She made four warm, warm poultices,
and put them in warm, warm cloths, and
tied them on the little Foxes' ears.

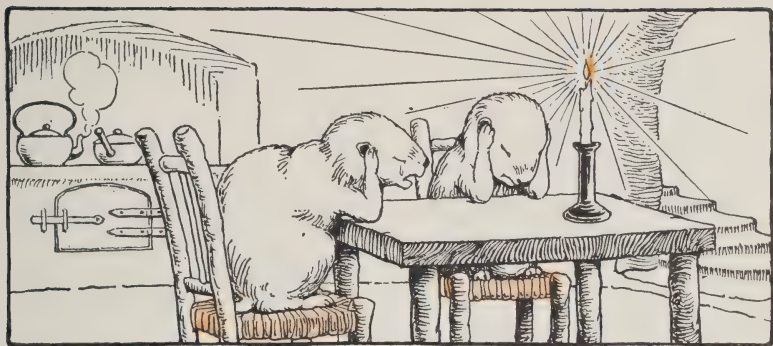
Then she put the little Foxes
in their warm, warm beds,
and they all fell fast asleep.

Then Mother Rabbit took up
her bonnet and shawl, and
hurried to Johnny Woodchuck's house.

She was more tired now,
but she went up the hill,
past the white birch trees,
and along the path,
as fast as she could.

Johnny Woodchuck's house
was on a very little path
that led from the big path.

When she got there,
she knocked at the door and went in.



There sat the little brother
and sister Woodchuck,
with their hands over their ears,
crying.

Mother Rabbit found the fire all fixed,
in the kitchen stove.
She made two warm, warm poultices.
She put them in warm, warm cloths,
and tied them on
the little Woodchucks' ears.
Then she put the little Woodchucks
in their warm, warm beds.
And they fell fast asleep.



As soon as they were fast asleep,
Mother Rabbit took up her basket
and shawl and hurried home.
She opened the door and went in.
And there was her darling little Peter,
fast asleep.

So Mother Rabbit,
who was very tired from hurrying,
went to bed, too.
And she fell fast asleep.

The next morning,
darling little Peter was all well
of his earache,
and the four little Foxes were all well
of their earaches,
and the little Woodchucks were all well
of *their* earaches.

And that is the end of the story
about Peter Rabbit and his earache.

OVER AND OVER

Mother had to tell the story about
“When Peter Rabbit had the Earache”
over and over.

She told it to Gordon three times
the first night.

She told it three times
the next night.

She told it again the next night.

But the night after that, she said,
“I will tell you a new story
about another little Rabbit.

Listen to this one.

It is all about Raggylug.”

This is the story about Raggylug.



RAGGYLUG

THE STORY OF A RABBIT



Once there was
a little furry Rabbit.
He lived with his mother
in a nest under the long grass.
His name was Raggylug,
and his mother's name was
Molly Cottontail.

Every morning Molly Cottontail
went out to hunt for food.

And every morning
she said to Raggylug,

“Now, Raggylug, lie still,
and make no noise, while I am gone.
No matter what you hear,
no matter what you see,
don't you move.

Remember !

You are only a baby Rabbit.

You lie low !”

Raggylug always said
he would lie low.

One morning Molly Cottontail
had gone out.

Raggylug was lying very still
in the nest.

He looked up through the long grass
and he saw what was going on
in the world.

But he did not move.

He lay still.

A big Blue-Jay came and sat
on a twig, over Raggylug's head.

He was scolding some one.

He said, "Thief, thief," very loudly.

But Raggylug never moved his nose
or his paws.

He lay still.

A Lady-Bug came walking down
a blade of grass, over Raggylug's head.
She was too heavy, and she tumbled off,
down to the ground.

It was funny.

But Raggylug never moved his nose
or his paws.

He lay still.

The Sun was warm,
and it was very still.

Suddenly Raggylug heard
a little sound.

It was like — “Swish, swish,”
very soft and far away.

He listened.

It was a strange little sound;
it seemed low down in the grass,
like “Rustle — rustle — rustle.”

Raggylug wondered what it was.
But he never moved his nose
or his paws.

He lay still.

Soon the sound came nearer,
“Rustle — rustle — rustle.”
Then it grew far away.
Then it came nearer, again;
nearer still, “Rustle — rustle —”

In and out, nearer and nearer,
the sound came.

It was like something moving.

But when Raggylug
heard anything moving
he always heard its feet,
stepping ever so softly.

What could this be that came,

“Rustle — rustle,”

without any sound of feet?

Raggylug forgot what his mother
had said.

He sat up on his hind paws.

The sound stopped then.

“Pooh,” Raggylug thought, “I am not
a baby Rabbit; I am three weeks old.
I will find out what this noise is.”

He lifted his head over the top
of the nest, and —

Oh! He was looking into the
cruel eyes of a great, big Snake!

“Mammy, Mammy!”
screamed Raggylug.

“Oh, Mammy, Mam—”

But he could not scream any more.
The big Snake had Raggylug’s ear
in his mouth,
and he was winding himself
round the soft little body.
Tighter and tighter he wound,
squeezing Raggylug’s life out.

Raggylug tried to call, “Mammy,”
again, but he could not.

But Mammy had heard the first cry.
Over the fields she came,
fast as the wind, to save her baby.
She leaped over the stones
and the rough places.
She was not a timid little Rabbit now.
She was a mother saving her child.



She did not think of herself.

When she came to Raggylug
and the big Snake, she took one look.
Then, hop! hop! She jumped
into the air over the Snake.

As she jumped, she struck at him
with her strong hind paws.

The sharp claws tore the Snake's skin.
He hissed with rage, but he held on.

Hop ! hop ! Mother Rabbit jumped and struck again.

This time she hurt the Snake so much that he twisted and turned.

But he held on to Raggylug.

Once more the mother Rabbit jumped. Once more she struck and tore the big Snake's back with her sharp claws.

Z-z-z ! How she hurt !
How angry the big Snake was !
He dropped Raggylug,
to strike at Molly Cottontail.
Raggylug rolled on to his feet, and ran.

“Run, Raggylug, run !” said Molly.
And how he did run !
Mother Rabbit kept the big Snake busy till Raggylug got a good start.
Then she ran, too.

She leaped ahead of Raggylug,
to show him where to go.

When Molly Cottontail ran,
a little white patch showed
under her tail.

That was for Raggylug to follow.
He followed it now.

Far, far away,
Mother Rabbit led Raggylug.
Far away through the long grass
they ran, to a safe place
where the big Snake could not come.
There Molly Cottontail made a new nest.

And this time,
when she told Raggylug to lie low,
you may be sure he did lie low!



Gordon liked the Rabbit stories so much that he wanted to make pictures of Rabbits. He liked to paint his horse and he liked to make pictures with bright colors.

Mother made a book of white paper for him to make the pictures in. She gave Gordon all his crayons,

to make the pictures with.

Gordon made a picture
of Peter Rabbit
with his hand over his ear, crying.
He made Peter Rabbit
with his brown crayon,
but he made Peter Rabbit's coat
with a blue crayon.

He made a picture of Mother Rabbit,
starting off with her basket,
and her shawl.
He made the basket
with his yellow crayon,
but he made the shawl
with his green crayon.

He made a picture of Raggylug
in his nest.

He made the nest with a brown crayon,
and he made the grass all green,

with his bright green crayon.

Mother liked Gordon's pictures very much.

THE NICE SURPRISE

One morning, while Gordon was making pictures, the Postman rang.

After a moment Mother came into Gordon's room.

Mother said,
"I have a surprise for you."

Mother brought a parcel. It was wrapped up in white paper, and had stamps on it.

"The Postman brought it," said Mother.

"What does it say on it?" said Gordon.

Mother said, "It says,
 ' Master Gordon Hall,
 Northfield,
 Mass.' "

Gordon opened the parcel.

Inside was a pair
of soft brown slippers ;
the toes were made
like a Rabbit's nose.



There were two bright glass eyes.
There were two pointed ears.

There was a card in the parcel.
On the card was written,
 " To keep Gordon's feet warm in bed.
With love from Aunt Mary."

"I love Aunt Mary," said Gordon.

"Will you write a letter for me
and say 'thank you'?"

Mother said, "Yes, I will."

So Mother did write
a nice letter to Aunt Mary,
to say "thank you."

It was fun for Gordon to look
at his two Rabbit feet.

He called one Rabbit foot
Peter Rabbit.

He called the other Rabbit foot
Raggylug. He said,

"Peter Rabbit and Raggylug
live in the same nest, now.

The nest is my bed."

"I know a nice story
about a little boy's bed," said Mother.

"Oh, tell it to me now," said Gordon.

"I will tell it to you to-night,"
said Mother.

So at night, Mother told Gordon
this story:

LITTLE JACK ROLL-AROUND

Once upon a time
there was a wee little boy
who slept in a tiny bed
near his mother's big bed.
The tiny bed could be rolled about.
There was nothing in the world
the little boy liked so much
as to have it rolled about.
When his mother came to bed
he would cry, "Roll me around!
Roll me around!"
Then his mother would put out her hand
from the big bed
and push the little bed back and forth,
till she was tired.
The little boy could never get enough.
He would always cry,
"Roll around! Roll around!"

So for this he was called
“Little Jack Roll-around.”

One night his mother rolled him about,
till she fell asleep.

Even then he kept crying,
“Roll me around! Roll me around!”

By and by the Moon peeped in
at the window.

He saw a funny sight.

Little Jack was lying in his tiny bed.

He had put up one little fat leg
for a mast.

He had fastened the corner
of his wee shirt to it for a sail.

He was blowing at it
with all his might, and saying,
“Roll around! Roll around!”

As the Moon looked at him,
slowly, slowly,

the little bed-boat began to move.
It rolled along the floor,
up the wall, across the ceiling,
and down again !

“ More ! More ! ”
cried Little Jack Roll-around.
“ Roll me around again ! ”

The little boat sailed faster
up the wall, across the ceiling,
down the wall, and over the floor.

The Moon laughed at the sight.

When Little Jack saw the Moon,
he called out, “ Open the door,
old Moon !

I want to roll through the town,
so that people can see me ! ”

The Moon could not open the door,
but he shone in through the keyhole,
in a broad moonbeam.

Little Jack Roll-around sailed
his bed-boat up the moonbeam,
through the keyhole,
and into the street.

“Make a light, old Moon,” he said.
“I want the people to see me!”

So the good Moon made a light,
and the little bed-boat went sailing
down the streets.

It sailed down the Main Street
of the village, past the town hall,
the schoolhouse, and the church.
But nobody saw Little Jack Roll-around,
because everybody was in bed, asleep.

“Why don’t the people come
to see me?” he shouted.

High up on the church steeple,
the Weather-Vane answered,
in a high, creaky voice,

“It is no time for people to be in the streets.

Decent folk are in their beds.”

“Then I will go to the woods, so that the animals may see me,” said Little Jack.

“Come along, old Moon, and make a light!”

The good Moon went along and made a light.

Soon they came to the forest. But all the animals were asleep, and nobody looked at Little Jack but an old White Owl; and all she said was, “Who are you?”

The little boy did not like her, so he blew harder, and the bed-boat went sailing through the forest

till it came to the end of the world.

“I must go home now ; it is late,”
said the Moon.

“I will go with you ; make a path !”
said Little Jack Roll-around.

The kind Moon made a path
up to the sky,
and up sailed the little bed
into the midst of the sky.

All the bright Stars were there
with their nice little lamps.

When he saw them,
that naughty Jack Roll-around
began to tease.

“Out of the way, there !
I am coming !” he shouted.
And he sailed the bed-boat
straight at them, as fast
as ever he could.



He bumped the little Stars
right and left, all over the sky,
until every one of them
put his little lamp out.

Then all was dark !

“ Do not treat the little Stars so,”
said the good Moon.

But Jack only behaved worse.
“ Get out of the way, old Moon !”
he shouted, “ I am coming !”

He steered the little bed-boat
straight into the old Moon’s face,
and bumped his nose !

This was too much for the good Moon;
he put out his big light, all at once.
Now the sky was pitch-black.
Little Jack could not see.

“ Make a light, old Moon !
Make a light !”

shouted the little boy.

But the Moon answered never a word,
and Jack Roll-around could not see
where to steer.

He went rolling criss-cross,
up and down, all over the sky,
knocking into the sky-people
and stumbling into the clouds,
till he did not know where he was.

Suddenly he saw a big yellow light
at the very edge of the sky.

He thought it was the Moon.

“Look out, I am coming!” he cried,
and steered for the light.

But it was not the kind old Moon.
It was the great mother Sun,
who is always brisk and busy.
She was just coming up out of her home
in the sea, to begin her day's work.

“Aha, little boy,” she said,
“What are you doing in my sky?”
Then she picked Little Jack Roll-around
up and threw him, bed and all,
into the middle of the sea!

And that waked
Little Jack Roll-around
out of his dream!

FEELING BETTER

Gordon liked the story
about Little Jack Roll-around.

Mother made a picture
of Little Jack Roll-around
in his tiny bed.

He was sailing up the moonbeam.

She made Jack with the pink crayon.
She made the moonbeam
with the yellow crayon.

She made the little bed
with the brown crayon.

Gordon said,
“I will draw the little Stars
with their candles.”

So Gordon made four little Stars
with his yellow crayon.

He made the big round Moon, too.

Then Mother drew eyes and nose
and mouth in the big round Moon.
She gave the Moon a face!

It was a funny face.

The next day Gordon felt better.
After dinner, he sat up in a big chair.
It felt good to be up in a chair again.

“When may I go outdoors, Mother?”
he said.

“Soon,” said Mother.
“Just as soon as you feel well.”

The very next day
Gordon felt better still.
The bad choking cough
did not come so often.

OUT OF DOORS AGAIN

The next day after that,
he went outdoors.

He sat on a cushion on the step,
and looked at everything.

It was nice to watch the cars
going by in the street.

It was nice to see the people, too.

Some people called out,
“How do you do, Gordon?”

Gordon said,
“Pretty well, thank you!”

But he did not go down
to the street, to talk with people.

He sat quietly on the step.

Handy and Mandy,
the two black kittens,
came to the step.

They were glad to see Gordon.

They said, "Purr-r, Purr-r."

It was their way of saying,
"We are glad to see you."

Gordon was glad to see
Handy and Mandy.

He took them in his arms
and stroked them.

Gordon went across the grass
to see Betsy.

Betsy was tied to a post near the barn.

Betsy was glad to see Gordon.

She put her nose down to his hand.

Gordon patted Betsy,
and stroked her mane.



He was so glad to see her.

Gordon saw Bruno across the street.
He called, "Here, Bruno!
Come, Bruno!"

Bruno ran across the street.

He barked.

It was his way of saying,

“I am glad to see you!”

When Gordon had patted Bruno and Betsy, he wanted to sit down.

His knees did not feel good.

He went across the grass and sat down on the step.

Mother came out of the house. She brought a glass of milk.

Gordon drank the milk.

Then Mother said,

“Do you want to hear a story?”

“Yes, please, Mother,” Gordon said.

“What shall it be about?”

said Mother.

“More about Rabbits, please,” said Gordon. “I like Rabbits.”

So Mother told him the story
about "Tavwots."

Here is the story she told.

LITTLE TAVWOTS

ANOTHER RABBIT STORY

Tavwots is the Indian name
for the little Rabbit.

This story is an old Indian story.

The Indians say that long, long ago
Tavwots was not little.

He was big.

He was the largest of all
four-footed things.

And he was a mighty hunter.

Every morning as soon as it was
light, Tavwots went to his hunting.
He was proud to be so big,
and proud to be so early on the trail.



But every morning
Tavwots saw a great footprint
on the trail, before him.
It was larger than his own footprint,
very much larger ;
and it was ahead of him.

The great footprints
were very far apart,
oh, very far apart !

Whoever made those footprints
had a mighty stride,
even bigger than his own.

Tavwots was troubled,
for his pride was as big as his body.

“Who is this?” he cried.

“Who goes before me to the hunting,
and takes so big a step?

Does he try to shame me?”

“Do not trouble,” said his mother.

“There is no one bigger than you.”

“The footprints on the trail
are bigger than mine,”
said Tavwots.

The next morning Tavwots got up
earlier. But the great footprints — far
apart — were before him on the trail.

Next morning he got up earlier still.
But the mighty footprints, far,
far apart, were before him again.

“Now I will set a trap for this
fellow,” said Tavwots angrily.

Tavwots knew how to make traps. He made a trap with his strong bow-string, and set it in the trail in the night, to catch some one.

Next morning, very, very early, Tavwots went out to the trail to look at his trap.

And, what do you think ?

He had caught the Sun in his trap !

All the Earth near the trap was beginning to smoke with the heat of the Sun.

“Is it you who made the tracks on my trail ?” cried Tavwots.

“It is I, Tavwots,” said the Sun. “Come and set me free before the whole Earth is on fire.”

Then Tavwots saw what he must do.



He drew his sharp hunting knife,
and ran to cut the bowstring,
to set the Sun free.

But the heat from the Sun
was so terrible that he could not!

He turned and ran back
without cutting the bowstring.

And, my dears! —

when he got back,

he was melted down to half his size!

The Earth began to burn and blaze,
and the smoke curled up against the sky.

“Come again, Tavwots,” cried the Sun.

Tavwots ran again to cut the string
with his hunting knife.

But the heat was so terrible,
so terrible, that he could not do it.

He turned and ran back.

And when he got back,

he was melted down

to one quarter of his size!

“Come again, Tavwots,” cried the Sun.

“Come quickly, or all the Earth
will be burnt up!”

Once more Tavwots ran.
This time he cut the bowstring trap,
and set the great Sun free.

But the heat was so terrible,
so very, very terrible,
that when he had done it, he was
melted down to the size he is now !

Tavwots the mighty hunter
had become Tavwots the little Rabbit!

Only one thing is left
of all Tavwots' greatness.
You may see, by the print of his feet
as he leaps on the trail,
how far he could step, long ago,
when he was Tavwots the mighty hunter,
in the time when he caught
the great Sun in his trap.

A CHAT ABOUT ANIMALS

Gordon said to Mother,
"That is a very nice story.
I like it.

Why are there so many nice stories
about Rabbits?"

"Because the Rabbit is
such a nice little animal,"
said Mother.

"He does not bite or hurt any one.
He is pretty, too.

We all like to hear stories
about little, pretty animals
who do no harm."

"Do you know any more stories
about Mr. Rabbit?" said Gordon.

"Yes, indeed," said Mother,
"And I know a good one
about a Teddy Bear.

It tells something
about the Rabbit, too."

"Is Teddy Bear a nice little animal?"
said Gordon.

"A very small Teddy Bear
is very jolly, indeed,"
said Mother.

"A very small Teddy Bear is something
like a fat jolly little boy;
but the Teddy Bear does not know
as much as a little boy knows.
He is only an animal."

"Tell me about a Teddy Bear, please,"
said Gordon.

"I will, when I take my sewing out,"
said Mother.

So as soon as Mother had done
her other work, and had put on
her afternoon dress,

she brought her sewing out of doors.

She sat in a big chair on the veranda.
Gordon sat in a little chair
on the veranda.

Mother put her work basket
on a small table beside her.

While Mother sewed
she told Gordon this story.

TEDDY BEAR AND THE MUD-PIE MASK

Once there was a little Teddy Bear.
He was very fond of honey.
He loved to go softly on his paddy paws
through the woods
till he came to a Honey Bees' nest.
Then he took the honey
from the Honey Bees' nest.

Teddy Bear knew where
there was a big lot of honey.

It was hidden in a tree.
But Teddy Bear did not dare
to go and get the honey,
because he knew
what the Honey Bees would do to him.
He had found out last time.
They would sting him on his tender nose.
Teddy remembered just how it felt
last time.

Honey Bees know how to hurt
Teddy Bears.

The Teddy Bears have
thick, thick fur all over,
and they cannot easily be hurt
through the fur.

But their noses and ears
are not covered with fur,
and they are *very* tender.
They can be hurt easily.



Teddy Bear thought and thought
how he could get the honey
from the Bees
without getting stung on the nose.
By and by he thought of a plan.
He trotted down to the brook

where there was some nice soft mud,
the kind that makes the best mud pies.
It was sticky mud, the kind that bakes
quite hard if you leave it in the sun.
It really looks like pies and cakes.

When he got to the brook,
Teddy Bear made a soft, mushy mixing
of mud with his paddy paws.
Then he plastered the mixing of mud
all over his nose.

All over his nose, around his eyes,
around his mouth, and
around the breathe-holes in his nose,
he plastered it.

When he had it all over his face,
with just a tiny hole at the mouth
to stick his tongue out of,
and just the tiny breathe-holes
at his nose to breathe with,

he went and sat down on a stone
in the sun, to dry.

He held his head up in the sun,
and kept his mouth and nose very still,
so that the mud might dry
all over his nose, and not crack.

And he thought to himself,
“Now I have a mask, a mud-pie mask.
The Honey Bees cannot sting through it,
and I will run fast through the bushes
and brush the rest of the Bees off.”

So he sat, and sat, in the sun,
very stiff and still,
drying his mud-pie mask.

After a while, along came
Bunny Rabbit, hopping and flopping.
He took a look at Teddy Bear
then he took another look,
and he said,



“My goodness, Teddy,
what is that on your nose?”

Teddy Bear turned his head,
very carefully, to look at Bunny Rabbit.
He wanted to say, “Don’t bother me,
I am drying my mask.”

But he did not want to crack
his mud-pie mask,
so he held his mouth very tight,
and said,

“D-m-b-b-b-m-m-m!”

“He, he, he!” said Bunny.

“Why are you making such
a funny face?”

“M-m-m-b-b-b-m-m-m!”
said Teddy, quite crossly,
and very squintily and stiffly.

“O-ho, ho, ho, ho!” giggled
Bunny Rabbit.

He came up close to Teddy.

“What in the world are you doing?
What is that on your face?”

Teddy *was* cross then. He said,
“G-w-h-l-m-n,” and other funny sounds
that did not mean anything.

He looked so queer and sounded so queer, that Bunny shouted with laughter. "O-ho, ho, ho! O-ha, ha, ha!" he said. "You sound like Ma's tea-kettle, boiling over, and you look like a loaf of brown bread! O-ho, ho, ho!"

Oh, how cross Teddy Bear was! He had a peppery temper, though he was a jolly little soul. And his temper grew very peppery hot, indeed, when Bunny laughed at him. He got right up and started down the bank after Bunny.

Bunny saw business in Teddy's eye, and he got up *quickly* and gave a big jump, to run away. But he had been laughing so hard that he had forgotten where he was.

And he jumped right into the soft mud
and water at the edge of the brook.

It went all over him.

He was splashed from head to tail
with thick, soft mud-pie mud.

It went into his eyes,
and made him blink.

It went into his nose,
and made him sneeze,

“Kerchow, kerchim !”

When Teddy Bear saw Bunny
all splashed over, and
heard him sneeze, “Kerchow, kerchim,”
he stopped being cross
and began to laugh.

He did not want to laugh,
because it would crack his mud-pie mask.
But the more he wanted not to laugh,
the more he had to laugh.

He held his mouth stiff
and giggled "hm-hm-hm."

He put his paddy paws up to his cheeks,
to keep his mouth from grinning.

But Bunny Rabbit said "Kerchim"
again, and Teddy Bear's little fat sides
shook the laugh right out of his mouth.
"Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he,"
said Teddy Bear.

Of course the mud-pie mask cracked
then, and pieces dropped off.

That looked so funny
that Bunny Rabbit stopped sneezing,
and began to laugh again.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

Then Teddy Bear had to laugh harder,
because Bunny had a patch of mud
over one eye, and he looked like
a comic Valentine.

So in a minute

Bunny and Teddy were both holding
their fur jackets at the belt,
and rolling about, shouting,
“Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha!”

That was the end of the mud-pie mask.
It all dropped off, and left
only a dirty little face on Teddy Bear,
which was quite as usual.
By and by Bunny went along.

After Bunny went home,
hopping and flopping,
Teddy began all over again.
He made a soft, mushy mixing
of mud and water, and patted it
carefully on to his nose again,
and sat down in the sun to dry.

This time he was careful
to sit in a lonely spot,

and no one came along
to make him laugh.

After a while the mud dried hard.
Teddy could feel from the stiffness
and the tightness
that it was quite hard.

“Now I have a mask, and now
I will have some honey,” he thought.

Off he trotted, down the forest path,
to the Honey Bees’ tree.

When he came close, he went
ever so softly on his paddy paws.

Ever so softly
he put in one paddy paw
and got a big, sticky, pawful of honey.

Out of the tiny hole at his mouth
he stuck his sharp little pink tongue
and licked the honey off his paddy paw.

Oh, it was good! Oh, it was sweet!

Teddy licked his paw quite clean.
He was just poking in after some more,
when the Honey Bees woke up.

“Z-z-zip!” Out they came,
and off went Teddy.

“Z-z-z!” They settled on his back
and on his shoulders.
But most of all they settled on his nose.
They stung and stung.

But they could not get through
the mud-pie mask.

The harder they tried to sting,
the more tired they were.

So, by and by, they flew away,
back to their honey.

Then Teddy came home
to his mother.

He was so pleased with himself,
and with the good taste of honey

in his mouth,
that he wanted to laugh out loud.

But he could not !

Because by this time the mud-pie mask
had dried very hard, and it stuck tight.

When Teddy came to his house,
his mother stopped feeding the baby
and looked at him.

“ What is the matter with your face ? ”
she said.

“ M-n-n-m,” said Teddy eagerly.

“ What ! ” said his mother.

“ M-n-m-n-m-n,” he said.

“ *What ! !* ” said his mother, louder.

Teddy Bear tried to speak.
He stuck up his little nose,
and tried to tell her about
the mud-pie mask and the Bees
and the honey.

But the only sounds he could make through the tiny hole at his mouth were "G-h-w-m-s-h!" or something like that.

"Don't you stick up your nose at me!" said his mother.

"What are you talking about?"

"M-n-w-h-z-z!" said Teddy, blinking his eyes and twisting his head about.

"You saucy boy —, I'll teach you to make faces at your mother!" said Mother Bear.

She reached out her big handy paw, and boxed his right ear.

Crack! Off went the right half of the mud-pie mask, as clean as a nut shell.

Half of Teddy Bear's funny little face was clear.

"I got honey, Ma," Teddy said

out of the right side of his mouth.

“What?” said his mother.

“What have you got on your face?

I’ve a good mind to box your other ear.”

Teddy Bear put up his paddy paw
and boxed his own face,
on the left side.

Off fell the rest of the mask!

His funny little face was all clear.

Teddy was himself again.

Then he told his mother all about it,
holding his fat little sides,
to keep from laughing.

Mother Bear laughed and laughed.

She said, to-morrow they would both
go down to the brook and get themselves
fixed up with mud-pie masks,
and go honey-hunting.

So I guess they did.



THE MASK

While Mother was telling the story
of Teddy Bear and his mud-pie mask
Gordon laughed, "Ho, ho, ho!"
just like Bunny Rabbit.

He wanted to make a mixing
of mushy mud
and make himself a mask
just like Teddy Bear.

But Mother said,
“Mud is too dirty
for a little boy’s face.
I will make you a mask
out of this piece of cloth.”

Mother took a little piece
of white cloth and cut it out.
She cut holes for the eyes,
and holes for the nose,
and a hole for the mouth.

Then she took Gordon’s crayons
and colored the mask.
She made the cheeks red,
and the lips red.
She made black eyebrows.

She tied the mask on Gordon’s head.

Gordon ran to the kitchen door.
Fanny was making cookies.
She did not see Gordon.

COOKIES FOR TEDDY BEAR

“Boo!” said Gordon.

Fanny jumped.

“My land!” said Fanny.

“I’m Teddy Bear. I want honey!”
said Gordon, in a gruff voice.

“Well, well,” said Fanny,
“I have no honey, but here is a cooky,
just out of the oven.

Please take it, Mr. Teddy Bear,
and don’t eat me up.”

Gordon took the cooky.

“Woof, woof!” he said.

Then he said, politely,

“That means ‘thank you, Fanny.’”

Fanny said, politely,

“You are welcome, Mr. Teddy Bear.”

“This is an extra good cooky,”
said Gordon.

“What is in it, Fanny? Nuts?”

“Oh, many good things,” said Fanny.

“Don’t you know,

‘Cookies take good things a-plenty’?”

“No, what’s that?” said Gordon.

Fanny laughed and said,

“It is just a verse about cookies.”

“Tell me! I like verses,”
said Gordon.

So Fanny put a fresh pan of cookies
in the gas oven.

Then she took the cooky cutter.
The cooky cutter was just like a ring.
As she cut out more cookies
she said these verses to Gordon.



THE COOKIES MOTHER BAKES

Pat the dough for baking,
Cookies are a-making.

Cookies take good things a-plenty,
Five or ten or twelve or twenty.

Guess how many things it takes
For the cookies Mother bakes ?

Spice is one, and sugar two,
Does not that sound good to you ?

Butter three, and flour four,
Raisins five—and then some more!

That's how many things it takes
For the cookies Mother bakes.

When the dough is full of things,
Cut it out in stars and rings,

Put it lightly in the pan,
Bake it quickly as you can.

My, how good the cookies smell!
Just to see them you can tell

What delicious things it takes
For the cookies Mother bakes.





TEA ON THE VERANDA

“Fanny, I like those verses,”
said Gordon.

“Do you, Honey?” said Fanny.
“Well, now, you go back
to the veranda,
and sit down in your little chair.
In just about two minutes
I will bring your mother’s tea out,
and I will bring you something.”

Gordon went back to Mother.

“Was Fanny afraid of your mask?”
asked Mother.

“Fanny was making cookies,”
said Gordon.

“I forgot about the mask.”

In a few minutes
Fanny came out with the tea-tray.
She set it on the small table.

There was tea for Mother
and for Grandmother,
and milk for Gordon.

There was such a big plate
of fresh cookies !

They smelled so good !

The sugar was in a fat little bowl,
and the cream

was in a fat little pitcher.

“Call Grandmother, dear,”
said Mother.

So Gordon went in the front door
and said,

“Grandmother, are you awake ?
Tea is ready.”

Grandmother was awake,
and she came out
to sit with Mother and Gordon.

Gordon brought a chair

from the other side of the veranda for Grandmother.

It was a nice tea party.

Grandmother thought Gordon's mask was very funny.

Gordon told her about Teddy Bear and his mud-pie mask.

He told Mother about the cooky verses, that Fanny had said.

Mother said they were nice verses.

A PRIZE FOR GORDON

The next day, Gordon felt stronger.

After a few more days he was well enough to play in the yard all day.

Only when the bad cough came, he felt ill. And for a little while after each cough he was very tired.

It was very hard to play alone

all day. Gordon could see Mary across the street. He wanted to say,

“Come on over.”

But he never did.

He could see Dan and Freddie going by. He wanted to run out and talk to them.

But he never did.

Mother had told him that he must not go near anybody, because the whooping cough could go from him to other people.

So he never did.

Mother said, “We do not want to make any more people ill.”

Gordon took his orders like a good little soldier. Never once did he go outside the yard. Never once did he call to the boys or girls to come in.

Father said, one day,

“I think our Gordon is a very brave little boy. He does not cry. He does not say it is hard to play alone.”

Mother said,

“I think Gordon is a very manly little boy. He washes his face and hands after every cough, just as I told him to. He does all he can to get well, and he does not make work for me.”

“Then I think Gordon must have a prize,” said Father.

“Yes,” said Mother.

That very night Father brought home the prize for Gordon.

The prize was a Velocipede, a red Velocipede with black stripes, and rubber tires.

It was just a perfect Velocipede.



How Gordon did like his Velocipede !

Now he was not alone ; he had his Velocipede to ride. Round and round the yard he rode, all day long. Round and round, up the path, and down.

Gordon had good days, riding around.

The bad choking cough still came at bedtime. But at bedtime Mother still told Gordon stories. One night she told him a nice funny story about another Velocipede. Here is the story.

THE VELOCIPEDE THAT WENT BY ITSELF

Once there was a little Velocipede that came to Jimmy Boy on Christmas. It was shiny and strong, and it had rubber tires.

Jimmy Boy rode his Velocipede all day long. He rode round and round the halls, in and out the living-room, in and out the dining-room, and down the hall again.

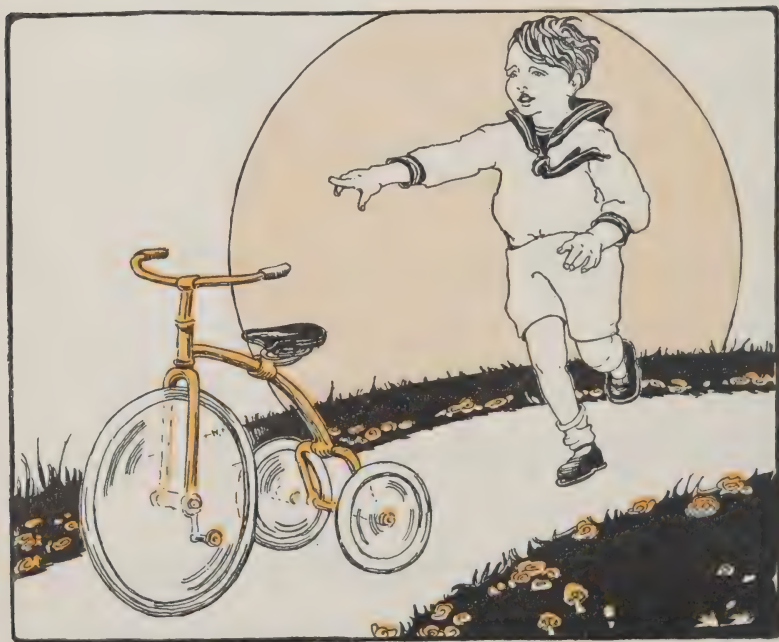
Jimmy Boy rode faster and faster, in and out around the furniture, till Mother

said it made her dizzy. And all the time he rang his little bell :

Ding-dong, ting-a-ling-ling !

At last Mother said, " You have ridden that Velocipede so much I should think it could almost go by itself."

Jimmy Boy was standing by the Velocipede with his foot ready to jump on.



All at once the little Velocipede started off, by itself! It rolled down the hall, gently at first, then quickly and more quickly.

“Stop, stop!” cried Jimmy. “I want to get on!”

But the little Velocipede only rolled faster. It turned the corner into the living-room. Faster and faster it went, round corners, through rooms, out of doors and in at doors. Then its little bell began to ring.

“Ding-dong! Come along!” it said.
“Ding-dong! Come along!”

Jimmy ran after it, his mother ran after Jimmy, and Auntie ran after Mother. Still the little Velocipede rolled faster and rang its bell harder. It skimmed by the chairs, and whisked past the tables,

and as it went, the bell rang, to say,
“Ting-a-ling-ling! Ring-a-ting-ting!
Did n’t touch a thing! Did n’t touch
a thing!”

Just then some one opened the door.
Out raced the little Velocipede, down
the hall, down the steps and along the
walk. And out raced Jimmy and Mother
and Auntie after it.

They ran as fast as they could.

But the little Velocipede rolled faster
and faster, and its little bell said,

“He, he, he, he! He, he, he, he!

Can’t catch me! Can’t catch me!”

So they called the Postman to help.

But the Postman had a lame knee, and
he could not catch the little Velocipede.
It raced up the street, and as it went, it
rang its little bell to say,

“Ding-ding, letter ring!

Ding-dong, step along!”

So they called the Policeman to help.

But the Policeman was very fat, and he could not catch the little Velocipede. It only shook its little handle bars and rang its little bell to say,

“Look at that! Far too fat!

You’re too slow; I must go!”

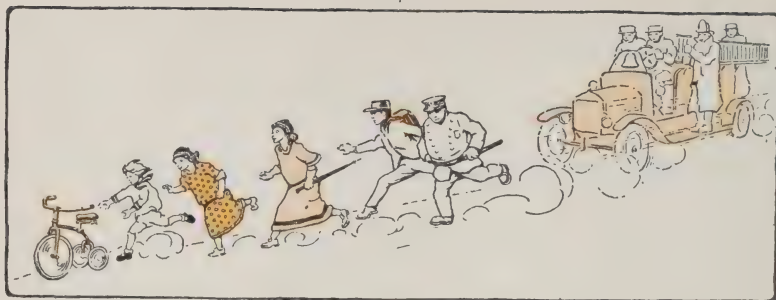
So they called the Fire Engine to help.

It came with a cling and a clang, and a snap and a bang, down the street. But the little Velocipede only rolled faster and rang its little bell like mad. It said,

“Put on speed! Put on speed!

I’m the fast Velocipede!”

When the Fire Engine did put on speed, the little Velocipede said,



“Ding-a-ding-ding-ding !

Going to a fire, on a rubber tire !

Whiz and whirr and hum and purr,

Chug and choo ! I’ll beat you !

Ding-a-ding-ding-ding-ding !”

And the Fire Engine could not catch the little Velocipede.

Then Jimmy Boy began to cry, “Oh, please, little Velocipede, don’t leave me ! Please, dear little Velocipede, come back !”

At that, the little Velocipede stopped short on the corner, turned round on its hind wheels, and rolled home again !

And the Fire Engine and the Policeman and the Postman and Auntie and Mother and Jimmy Boy ran home after it.

Soon the little Velocipede came to the front steps. It lifted its little front wheel, and rolled right up, saying,
“Couldn’t catch me, couldn’t match me,
Raced ’em all and beat ’em to it,
Everybody saw me do it!
Now I’m coming home to stay,
Never going to run away
Any more, any day.”

Jimmy Boy and Mother and Auntie ran up the steps after it and shut the door. But the Fire Engine and the Postman and the Policeman went home.

When Jimmy Boy got to the top of the steps, the little Velocipede was standing quietly in the hall. Its little

bell was tinkling very softly, and Jimmy thought it said,

“No, indeed, no — more — speed.

I’m — the — good — Velocipede.”

But Jimmy never was sure what it said, because that was the last time the little bell ever spoke. And never again did the Velocipede go by itself.

THE FAST VELOCIPEDE

Mother had to tell the story about the Velocipede, over and over again. Pretty soon Gordon knew all the funny verses. When Mother began,

“Ting-a-ling-ling! Ring-a-ting-ting!”

Gordon would say,

“Didn’t touch a thing! Didn’t touch a thing!”

And when Mother said.

“He, he, he, he! He, he, he, he!”
Gordon would say, “Can’t catch me!”

When Gordon was riding his own
Velocipede he rang his bell and said,

“Put on speed! Put on speed!

I’m the fast Velocipede!”

Sometimes Mother and Gordon were
sitting on the step when the Postman
came. Then Mother would say, softly, to
Gordon,

“Ding-ding, letter ring!”

And Gordon would say, softly,

“Ding-dong, step along!”

Then he would laugh, and Mother
would laugh, too. And when he said,
“Look at that! Far too fat!” they
laughed again. For Gordon knew a nice
Policeman at the crossing, and he was fat,
just like the one in the story!

Gordon played that the Velocipede was a fast, fast horse. Then he played that it was a big, big automobile. And sometimes he played it was a steam engine.

The Velocipede did not care. It was a fast horse when Gordon wanted it to be a fast horse. It was a big automobile when Gordon wanted it to be a big automobile. And it was a steam engine when Gordon wanted it to be a steam engine.

PLAYING ENGINE

Gordon had great fun playing steam engine. He played that he was the Engineer, and that the Velocipede was Engine.

It was fun to ride faster and faster,

It was fun to say, for the Engineer,

“Easy, *easy*! Stop for Boston!”

Then it was fun to say, for Engine,

“I will not stop! I am Engine,

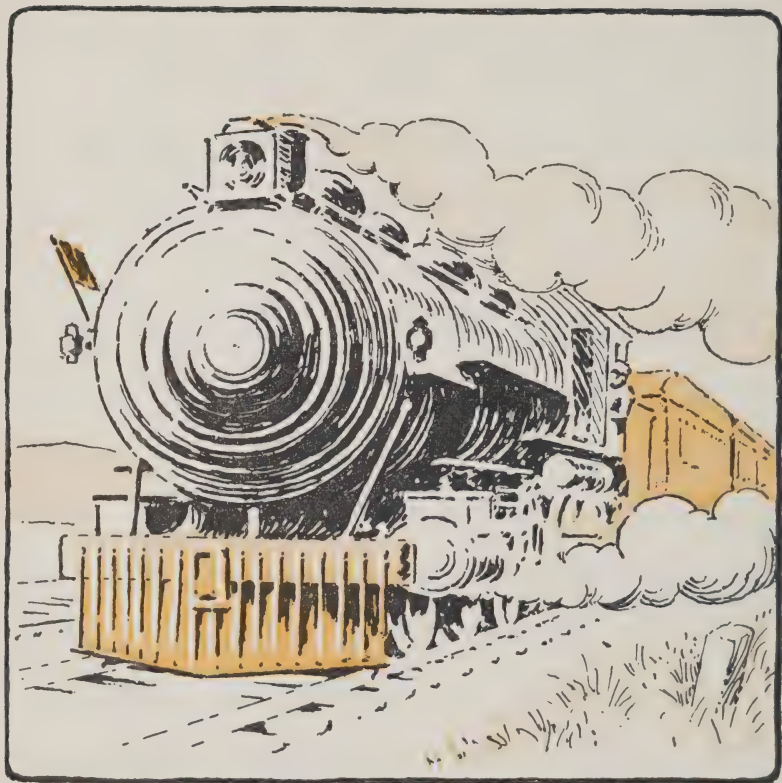
no one can stop me!”

Then it was fun to play that Engine pulled against his brakes. Gordon made a grinding noise for the brakes.

Mother watched him sometimes. One afternoon, when Gordon was riding fast, she called him to the veranda.

“It is almost tea-time, dear,” she said. “Rest a little before Fanny brings your milk.”

Gordon left Engine and came up the steps. He put his head on Mother’s lap. He was warm and tired. Mother wiped his warm face with her cool, clean handkerchief. She said,



“I know a story about an Engine, Gordon. Shall I tell it to you?”

“Yes, please,” said Gordon. And he sat very still, against Mother’s knee.

THE ENGINE THAT WOULDN'T STOP

Once there was a big steam Engine. He was very grand and proud. When he stood near the other engines, he looked like a father elephant and they looked like baby elephants.

One day the big Engine stood on the track, waiting for the clock's hand to point to ten. He puffed and snorted and his body shook. He wanted to start.

"Puff, puff," he said, in a slow, heavy voice. Then he said very fast, "Puff, puff-pfuffuffuffuf."

He looked down the track with his round glassy eye.

"Soon I shall be rolling along," he murmured.

“I like to feel the rails under my wheels, I like the wind in my face! I like plenty of steam in my boilers! Aha! Puff-puff-pfufuffuf!”

“Ding, ding,” sounded the big train bell, with a clatter and whirr.

Engine pressed down on his four wheels. His round eye stared straight ahead. “Now I shall feel Billy’s hand,” he said to himself, “Billy’s hand will say ‘Start!’”

He felt Billy’s hand, saying “Start.” “Puff!” snorted Engine. He slid slowly, grandly, out on his track. Then faster, faster, he rolled.

Faster, faster, faster! His great breaths came “chug, chug.” His great wheels whirled and whirled! Engine was speeding.

As he ran, Engine made long shrill whistles. He raced with the white clouds. He blew dark clouds of smoke at them. Oh, it was fun!

Faster, faster! Now Engine was rolling from side to side. He ran along beside a big lake. His whistle called to the echoes and the echoes called back. Such fun!

Then Billy's hand sent a message to Engine. "Slower, slower, we have to stop soon." Engine went a little slower; a little slower; slower still. Then he was running gently into the station. Billy's hand was sending a message to the brakes to stop.

Engine listened, and the brakes said "Stop," to him. So Engine stopped, in his own grand way.

He stood there in the station, and puffed. He was not at all tired, but he felt so good that he had to make a little noise.

People ran along beside him. They got into his train. Hot coals dropped from Engine's fire pan. The coals were red. A child said, "Look, mother, the Engine is on fire!"

Engine puffed and chuckled. "Ha-ha-ha," he thought. "How little and stupid they are! Human folks are only good to take care of engines!"

Then Billy sent the "start" message. Engine started in his own grand way. He never bumped or jerked like the freight engines. He was the great Express Engine. He started easily, smoothly, sure of himself.

As he started, Engine listened for Billy's messages. He thought to himself, "Billy is the best Engineer on the road. But he is my servant. He is a good servant. He takes good care of me. He knows what I like. Now he is saying 'More speed, more speed!'"

So Engine did speed. Faster, faster, faster! Rolling from side to side, he flew along. "Toot, toot," his whistle blew. Far behind him streamed his smoky breath. His wheels roared.

How happy Engine was! Heat glowed in his body. He was excited.

Soon Billy was sending a message, "Slower! We are coming into the city; slower!"

But Engine was wild with excitement. He puffed, "No! Not slower! I am

master, you are servant; speed, speed!"

And he rushed on.

Billy sent a hard strong message.

"Steady, Engine; keep your head!"

"Ha-ha!" snorted Engine. "Look out for your own head! I am running this trip!"

Then Billy sent the message, "Obey! I am the master. Obey!"

Engine felt something pull and drag at him. He did not want to obey, but he had to obey. He had to run more slowly.

Oh, how angry Engine was! He puffed black smoke and snorted great snorts. He thought, "Billy thinks he is the master! Billy thinks I must obey him! Billy does not know he is my servant! Hah! Huh! Huh-u-hu-huff!"

They were coming to the first part of the city. Many tracks were beside Engine's track. Many dull brick buildings looked at Engine with dirty glass eyes.

Now they came to the great train yard. Soon they would be in the South Station.

So Billy sent the message, "Easy, easy." Soon he would send the "Stop" message to Engine's brakes.

All at once Engine made up his mind that he would not stop! He made up his mind to show Billy that he was master!

Now Engine was sliding along into the South Station. Billy sent the message, "Slow, slow, ready to stop."

Engine ran on!

"Stop!" came Billy's order to the brakes.

Engine's brakes obeyed at once. They took hold and held fast. They hurt, oh, how they hurt!

Engine glared at the track ahead. He saw the Bumper at the end of the track. He saw the tall fence behind Bumper. He saw the crowds of people at the gates.

"I will not stop!" snorted Engine. "I will show them who is master!"

And Engine pushed against his brakes with all his might.

Grind — Snap! Something broke. It hurt. It hurt so terribly that Engine wanted to stop. But now he could not stop. The brakes were loose.

So with a squeak and a roar, and a

crash, Engine ran straight into good old Bumper.

Old Bumper was used to stopping Engines. That was his job. Sometimes a brake did not hold firmly. Sometimes a new Engineer did not send his "Stop" message soon enough. Then Bumper had to stop the Engine as it slid along.

He always stopped the engine easily, with a little scolding thump.

But no little scolding thump was going to stop this Engine. This was a Run-a-way!

So good old Bumper did the only thing he could do, to stop Engine. He put his nose right under Engine's fore wheels, and gave him a mighty toss up into the air!

The next thing Engine knew, he was sitting back on his hind wheels, with his head stuck over the tall fence! His train was bumping against his tail.

The little human folks were screaming and running about. Coal was falling out of Engine's coal box. Hot cinders were spilling. Steam was roaring out of a broken pipe.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Engine tried to get down. But his train was pushed against him in the back. And Bumper's nose was under him, in front.

He tried to go on, over the fence. But his wheels would not turn. He tried to snort, but no smoky breath came.

So there he sat, like a puppy begging for a bone! His round glass eye looked

wildly at the roof. His heart was full of dismay.

There he sat, helpless and foolish, while train men ran up and stood around him, and all the place was full of clash and clatter.

Where, oh where was Billy? Engine felt alone, helpless and afraid.

Hours passed by. Once Engine heard a child's sharp little voice say, "Oh, mamma. See the funny Engine, trying to peek over the fence!"

Oh, how ashamed Engine was! The big, grand Express Engine was funny!

Darkness came. Engine was lonely. He loved to see the gleam of his own great eye shining down the rails. He loved the gay lights of the station. But now he had to look up at the dark,

gloomy roof of the station. He saw nothing.

Poor, naughty, lonely Engine. He sat there in the dark, looking up at the roof, for a long, long time.

Then at last something happened. He felt that things were being done under him and behind him. After a while he felt that he was sliding down and back.

And then, at last, he felt the good rails under his wheels again. He saw the friendly lights once more.

Engine was back on his dear old track, standing on all his wheels, as an Engine should. Oh, but he was glad!

Then he heard Billy's voice, kind and wise. Billy's voice said,

"Get up steam. We will run him into the Repair Shop and get his brakes

fixed. There is not much harm done.”

Engine breathed a long deep sigh. How glad he was, how glad! He began to puff little fast puffs. He was saying,

“I am sorry, Billy, so sorry. I will never disobey you again. I know now that Engines are no use without tracks to run on and Engineers to run them. You are master, Billy. I am only Engine. And I will be a good obedient Engine all my days, to you.”

“*All* right, old chap,” came Billy’s cheerful message.

“Take it slowly, now.”

And off they went, to the Repair Shop, Engine and Billy, with a “Puff-puff-pfuffuffuffuf.”

Gordon sat very still while Mother told about the Engine that wouldn't stop. He was thinking that he would play he was Billy and Velocipede was Engine. He was thinking he would ride Velocipede right up on the barn door sill. The barn door sill would be Old Bumper.

Gordon laughed. He was thinking how funny Engine must have looked, "like a Puppy begging for a bone."

"Puff, puff," said Gordon, softly.

All at once Gordon got up and started to go away.

"Where are you going, dear?" said Mother.

"I'm going to get my Engine," said Gordon. "You watch me. I am Billy and I know where there's a good track to Boston."

Mother said, "It is not very cool, yet."

“Oh, but Mother,” said Gordon, “my Engine will run away if I don’t start. I am Billy.”

“I see,” said Mother. “But Gordon, there is some more about Engine.”

Gordon stood still, “Is there?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Mother, “sit down for a little while.”

Gordon sat down.

Mother said, “Once there was a little boy, standing in his father’s field. His father’s field was near the Railroad track. All at once Billy’s Engine came rolling, roaring along the track. The little boy was afraid. He thought Engine might come after him. Listen and hear what he thought.”

Then, in a soft, scared voice, Mother said :

ENGINE, ENGINE

Engine, Engine, breathing fire,
Puffing smoke into a spire, .
Trailing clouds of whitest steam,
What a wild, wild thing you seem !

When you thunder on your way
Hooting, whistling in your play,
Roaring down the shining track,
I'm afraid you might come back !

If you could go *anywhere*,
If the track should not be there,
Maybe you would turn around,
Come across my Daddy's ground,

And if I were standing there,
Maybe you would chase me—*where* ?
Maybe push the houses down,
Maybe break up all the town !

But my Daddy says, "Oh, no!
You go fast and you go slow,
Just as you are told to do
By the man who rides on you."

And he says you *have* to stay
On the rails, you're made that way!
So, although you seem so wild,
You are really good and mild,

Faithful to your Engineer,
Strong to work and without fear,
Kind and steady, night and day,
Carrying people on their way.

Engine, Engine, breathing fire,
Puffing smoke into a spire,
I am glad your smoke and steam
Are more friendly than they seem.

ANOTHER ANIMAL STORY

One day Mary's mother sent Gordon a new story-book. In the new book were many stories about animals. Mother read some of them to Gordon.

One day she said, "Here is a funny story about some Jackals."

"What are Jackals?" said Gordon.

Mother said, "The Jackal is a small animal. He can run very fast. He is not fierce. He is something like a Fox, but not so pretty."

"Is he a nice little animal like the Rabbit?" said Gordon.

"He does not look so nice in the picture," said Mother. "Here is a picture of the Jackal."

"Oh," said Gordon. "He looks sly, in the picture. I would not like him

for a pet. I like the Rabbit better.”

“I think the Jackal *is* sly,” said Mother. “And I am sure he is not a pet. But he is very clever. I think he is what we call ‘foxy.’”

Gordon said, “I see. Will you read me something about the foxy Jackal, please?”

So Mother and Gordon went and sat on the porch, where it was pleasant. Then Mother read the story in the new book, about the Jackals. This is it.

THE LITTLE JACKALS AND THE LION

Once there was a great big jungle, and in the jungle there was a great big Lion. The Lion was king of the jungle.

Whenever he wanted anything to eat, all he had to do was to come up out of

his cave in the stones and earth, and *roar*. When he had roared a few times, all the little people of the jungle were so frightened that they came out of their holes and ran, this way and that, to get away.

Then, of course, the Lion could see where they were. So he leaped on them, killed them, and gobbled them up.

He did this so often that at last there were only two things left alive in the jungle besides the Lion. There were just two little Jackals — a little father Jackal and a little mother Jackal.

They had run away so many times that they were quite thin and very tired. They could not run fast any more.

One day the Lion was so near that the

little mother Jackal grew frightened; she said, "Oh, Father Jackal, Father Jackal, I think our time has come! The Lion will surely catch us this time!"

"Nonsense, Mother!" said the little father Jackal. "Come we will run on a bit!"

They ran, ran, ran, very fast, and the Lion did not catch them that time.

But at last a day came when the Lion was nearer still, and the little mother Jackal was frightened almost to death.

"Oh, Father Jackal, Father Jackal," she cried, "I am sure our time has come! The Lion is going to eat us this time!"

"Now, Mother, don't you fret," said the little father Jackal; "you do just

as I tell you, and everything will be all right."

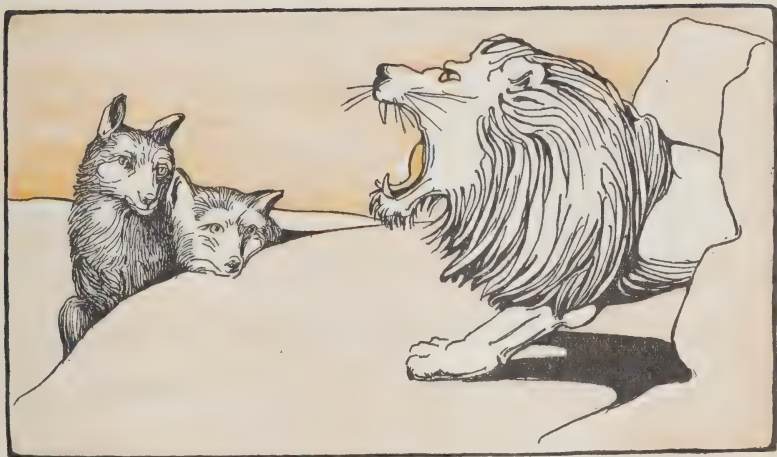
Then, what did those cunning little Jackals do? They took hold of hands and ran up toward the Lion, as if they had meant to come all the time.

When he saw them coming, he stood up, and roared in a terrible voice,

"Aha, you two, come here and be eaten, at once! Why didn't you come before?"

The father Jackal bowed very low.

"Indeed, Father Lion," he said, "we meant to come before; we wanted to come before. But every time we started to come, a dreadful great Lion came out of the woods and roared at us. And he frightened us so that we ran away."



“What do you mean?” roared the Lion. “There is no other Lion in this jungle but me!”

“Indeed, indeed, Father Lion,” said the little Jackal. “That is what everybody thinks. But, indeed and indeed, there is another Lion! He is much bigger than you are. His face is much more *terrible*, and his roar is far, far more dreadful. Oh, he is much more terrible than you!”

At that the Lion stood up and roared so that the jungle shook.

“Take me to this Lion,” he said.

“I will eat him up, and then I will eat you up.”

The little Jackals danced on ahead; the Lion stalked behind. They led him to a place where there was a round, deep well of clear water. They went round on one side of it, and the Lion stalked up to the other.

“He lives down there, Father Lion!” said the little Jackal. “He lives down there!”

The Lion came close and looked down into the water. A Lion’s face looked back at him out of the water!

When he saw that, the Lion roared and shook his mane and showed his

teeth. The Lion in the water shook his mane and showed his teeth!

The Lion shook his mane again and growled again, and made a terrible face. But the Lion in the water made just the same terrible face back at him.

The Lion above could not stand that. He leaped down into the well after the other Lion!

But, of course, as you know very well, there was no other Lion! It was only the Lion's shadow in the water!

So the foolish old Lion floundered about and floundered about, and, as he could not get up the steep sides of the well, he was drowned.

When he was drowned, the little Jackals took hold of hands and danced around the well, and sang a song.



They sang, in their high, shrill voices,
“The Lion is dead ! The Lion is dead !
We have killed the great Lion
Who would have killed us !
The Lion is dead ! The Lion is dead !
Oho, aha, oho !”

And back from the rocks came an
echo, saying, in a high soft voice,
“Aha, oho !”

MAKING PICTURES

“That *was* a foxy trick,” said Gordon. “The Jackals were very clever to think of fooling the Lion that way!”

“Yes,” said Mother. “But we like ponies and kittens and rabbits better for pets, don’t we?”

“Oh, yes,” said Gordon. “The little Jackal would not be a good pet.”

Gordon liked his new story-book very much. He liked to make pictures of the stories, with his crayons.

He did not make a picture of the Lion. The Lion was too hard to draw. But he did make a picture of the two little Jackals. He looked carefully at the picture in the book. Then he drew a picture like that. He made the Jackals with his brown crayons.

Mother said Gordon's picture was very good.

One afternoon, after having tea on the veranda, Gordon said,

"Mother, dear, here is a *very* nice picture in the book. It is a picture of a squirrel. He does look so nice! Could you just read me a little story about him, *please?*"

Mother laughed. "Indeed, I could," she said. "He is the gray squirrel. And the story is called 'Mr. Gray-Squirrel Talks.'"

"I like that," said Gordon. "You know our squirrels often sound like talking."

"Yes, they chatter and scold," said Mother. "Sometimes they scold the birds. Sometimes they scold us."

“Yes,” said Gordon. “And they are so little that it is funny to hear them.”

“It is funny,” said Mother. “They sound so important. Listen and I will read about Mr. Gray-Squirrel and his talk.”

Gordon sat very still, and listened.

And Mother read, in her pleasant, low voice, this story :

MR. GRAY-SQUIRREL TALKS

Just outside Jimmy’s window there is a branch of the White Oak tree.

The White Oak tree grows in the front yard, close to the path.

Just outside of Mother’s window is a branch of the Red Oak tree. The Red Oak tree grows in the front yard, close to the veranda.

Both the Red Oak tree and the White Oak tree have acorns. The acorns are small and brown and sweet. In the Autumn the whole front lawn is covered with the shiny brown acorns.

In Jimmy's house four people live.

The four people are Mother and Father, and Elizabeth and Jimmy.

In the Oak trees live four squirrels, Mr. Gray-Squirrel, Mrs. Gray-Squirrel, Fluffy-Tail Gray-Squirrel, and Bright-Eyes Gray-Squirrel.

Everybody in the house loves the Squirrel family. They all like to watch Mr. Gray-Squirrel run about on the lawn.

He picks up an acorn in his two front paws. Then he runs up the Red Oak tree, and sits on the branch over the veranda. He takes the acorn in both



paws and nibbles at it, turning it in his paws. *Crack, crack*, goes the shiny brown shell, and Mr. Gray-Squirrel's sharp teeth are in the sweet kernel. Then he drops the broken shell to the ground, and eats the kernel.

All the broken shells lie on the ground with the shiny acorns that are not broken. Before the snow comes, Jimmy's lawn becomes very untidy. It looks like the wild woods.

One day Jimmy could not go to school, because he sneezed too much. It was a warm day in September, and all the windows were open.

Jimmy sat in his big chair by his window, and read a book. Outside, on the branch, Mr. Gray-Squirrel sat, cracking an acorn. *Crack, crack*, went the shell. Then Mr. Gray-Squirrel let it fall on the grass. He began to eat the sweet kernel, inside.

"There you go," said Jimmy to Mr. Gray-Squirrel, "dropping your old shells all over my grass! How can I keep

my lawn neat and tidy, if you do that?"

Mr. Gray-Squirrel finished eating the kernel. Then he turned his bright dark eyes on Jimmy. Then he spoke in a very sharp voice:

"*Your* grass?" he said. "Why did you plant your grass on my ground?"

"*Your* ground?" said Jimmy. "I guess it is my ground in my own yard."

"It is not your yard," said Mr. Gray-Squirrel, sitting up very straight. "It is my yard. I owned it a long time before you came."

"What an idea!" said Jimmy. "My father bought this land and built this house. It is our home."

"It was my home first," said the Squirrel, sharply. "And it was a much nicer home for me and my family be-

fore you all came and spoiled it. I had four more Oak trees, then, all full of acorns. You cut the trees down. Did you ever ask me if you might? *Did you?* ”

“Well, I never!” said Jimmy.

“I had other trees, too,” said the Gray-Squirrel, very fast and loud. “I had Hickory-nut trees and a Chestnut tree. It was nice and quiet here then. No children, no cats, no automobiles! Did you ever ask me if you might come here? *Did you?* ”

Jimmy was too surprised to speak. But Mr. Gray-Squirrel had plenty to say.

“My house was just where your house is now,” he said. “You tore my house down and built yours. Did you ever ask me if you might? *Did you?* ”

Jimmy stared.

“The ground was full of places to hide nuts in,” said the Squirrel. “I had private roads to every part of my estate. Then you came. You cleared off all the bushes, and smoothed off all the ground, and planted grass on it! *Grass!* Did I ever tell you you could plant grass? *Did I?*”

By this time Jimmy had caught his breath.

“My!” he said. “You talk like a Landlord!”

“I *was* lord of the land,” said the Gray-Squirrel. “Everything was mine. But not now. Now you have taken it. And you never asked me. And why? Because you are big, and I am little. That is why!”

This time the Squirrel's voice was not high and cross, but very sad. And Jimmy's tender heart was touched.

"Don't feel bad, little chap," he said. "You are little and we are big, but we never meant to steal your home. We did not know about you."

The Gray-Squirrel blinked at Jimmy. He did not answer.

"Don't you like us at all?" said Jimmy, coaxingly. "You know we love you. We never rake up the acorns, even to make the yard look tidy. We never let the dogs chase you. We always put crusts on the snow when it is too deep for you to dig through."

Mr. Gray-Squirrel jerked his tail from his back and ran close up to Jimmy's window.

"I know you do," he said. "You put out nuts and fat last winter, after the ice storm, when the birds and squirrels were hungry. And you always say 'good morning' to me, so politely. I spoke too quickly. Please excuse me?"

"Please excuse *me*," said Jimmy. "I spoke quickly first. And really, Mr. Gray-Squirrel, our home is much nicer because you are here. We love to see you and talk to you."

"To tell the truth," said the Gray-Squirrel, "my home is much nicer, too, because you are here. We Squirrels love to see children about. We thank you for your kind care in the long winter. You are welcome to my home."

"And you are welcome to mine," said Jimmy. "Good-bye, little Landlord."



“Good-bye, big Jimmy,” said Gray-Squirrel. And off he darted, for another acorn.

SQUIRRELS AND BIRDS

“Nice little Mr. Gray-Squirrel,” said Gordon. “I like squirrels, don’t you, Mother?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Mother. “They keep us from being lonely all Winter, when the birds have gone away.”

“Maybe our squirrels think we stole their land!” said Gordon, all at once.

“Maybe they do,” said Mother. “But I am sure they like the crusts and nuts we give them in Winter.”

“Yes,” said Gordon. “We always give them things when the snow is deep.”

“And when the bad ice storms come,” said Mother.

“There was a very bad ice storm last Winter,” said Gordon, “wasn’t there?”

"Yes, very bad," said Mother. "The squirrels came close up to the windows, do you remember, waiting for crumbs?"

"I remember," said Gordon, nodding. "The squirrels stay all Winter, just like us. But the birds go away, don't they?"

"Yes, most of them do," said Mother. "But we have a few all-Winter birds."

"It must be nice to fly away to a warm country," said Gordon.

"Very nice," said Mother.

"Do you think any of the littlest birds get left behind?" said Gordon.

"That would be hard."

"I hope not," said Mother. "The little birds are all grown up when Winter begins."

"I am glad," said Gordon. "But if one did get left behind, we would take

care of it. Wouldn't we, Mother?"

"Gladly," said Mother.

"I would make a little nest for it," said Gordon. "I would bring water for it to drink, and I would give it things to eat."

"Why, Gordon!" said Mother. "That reminds me of another story. I have no more time now, but I will tell you the story at bedtime."

"What is it about?" said Gordon.

"It is about a little bird that was left behind when the others' flew away," said Mother.

"I am sure I shall like that," said Gordon. "I always like all the stories you tell, Mother dear."

"I am glad you do," said Mother. "I like to tell them to you."

That night, Mother told this story.

WHY THE EVERGREEN TREES KEEP THEIR
LEAVES IN WINTER

One day, a long, long time ago, it was very cold; Winter was coming. All the birds flew away to the warm South, to wait for the Spring.

But one little bird had a broken wing and could not fly. He did not know what to do. He looked all around, to find a place where he could keep warm. And he saw the trees of the great forest.

"Perhaps the trees will keep me warm through the Winter," he said.

So he hopped and fluttered with his broken wing, until he came to the edge of the forest. The first tree he came to was a slim Birch tree.



“Beautiful Birch tree,” he said, “will you let me live in your warm branches until Spring comes?”

“Dear me!” said the Birch tree. “What a thing to ask! I have to take

care of my own leaves through the Winter. That is enough for me. Go away."

The little bird hopped and fluttered with his broken wing until he came to the next tree. It was a great, big Oak tree.

"O big Oak tree," said the little bird, "will you let me live in your warm branches until the Springtime comes?"

"Dear me!" said the Oak tree. "What a thing to ask! If you stay in my branches all Winter you will eat my acorns. Go away."

So the little bird hopped and fluttered with his broken wing until he came to the Willow tree by the edge of the brook.

"O beautiful Willow tree," said the little bird, "will you please let me live

in your warm branches until the Spring-time comes ? ”

“ No, indeed,” said the Willow tree ; “ I never speak to strangers. Go right away.”

The poor little bird did not know where to go, but he hopped and fluttered along with his broken wing. Pretty soon the Spruce tree saw him, and said, “ Where are you going, little bird ? ”

“ I do not know,” said the bird. “ The trees will not let me live with them, and my wing is broken so that I cannot fly.”

“ You may live on one of my thick branches,” said the Spruce. “ Here is the warmest one of all.”

“ But may I stay all Winter ? ”

“Yes,” said the spruce; “I shall like to have you.”

The Pine tree stood beside the Spruce. When he saw the little bird hopping and fluttering with his broken wing, he said,

“My branches are not very warm, but I am big and strong, and I can keep the wind off.”

So the little bird fluttered up into the warm branch of the Spruce, and the Pine tree kept the wind off his house.

Then the Juniper tree saw what was going on. She said she would give the little bird her Juniper berries to eat, all Winter. Juniper berries are very good for little birds.

The little bird was very happy in his warm, sheltered nest, with Juniper berries to eat.



The trees at the edge of the forest saw it all.

"I would not take care of a strange bird," said the Birch.

"I would not risk my acorns," said the Oak.

"I would not speak to strangers," said the Willow.

And the three trees stood up very tall and proud.

That night the North Wind came to the woods to play. He puffed at the leaves with his icy breath, and every leaf he touched fell to the ground. He wanted to touch every leaf in the forest, and see all the trees bare.

"May I touch every leaf?" he said to his father, the Frost King.

"No," said the Frost King. "The trees which were kind to the bird with the broken wing may keep their leaves."

So North Wind had to leave them alone. The Spruce, the Pine, and the Juniper kept their leaves all Winter. And they have done it ever since!

PLAYING BIRD

One morning Mother saw Gordon out in the yard. He was hopping on one foot, and he was moving one arm.

Mother said to herself, "I wonder what he is playing."

Gordon hopped over to the big Oak tree in the corner of the yard. He knocked on the bark with his hand, as if it were a door. Soon he hopped away; he hopped over to the pretty White Birch tree that stood at the corner of the rose garden. He knocked on its bark with his hand. Then he hopped away again.

"Oh!" said Mother to herself, "I know now what he is playing. He is playing the little bird with the broken wing."

Mother went outdoors.

Gordon was still hopping about.

"There is not any Spruce tree here," he said to himself.

Mother said, "The hedge behind the barn is all Spruce trees."

Gordon hopped and hopped along till he came to the Spruce hedge.

"I will be the Juniper tree for you," said Mother.

So when Gordon hopped to her she said,

"I have nice Juniper berries for you, little bird, come and eat."

Gordon made believe to eat from her hand. But in Mother's hand was a round, pink wintergreen candy! So the little bird with the broken wing ate the pink wintergreen candy.

"Stay here with me, on this nice

bough," said Mother, sitting down on the step. "I will make some verses for the little bird to sing."

Gordon was tired of hopping about. He came and sat beside Mother.

Mother said, "The little bird was very happy and proud when Summer came. And he was thankful, too. So he made a song for the Evergreen trees, who had helped him. He scolded the others. He sat up on a high, high branch, and sang this song:

THE SONG OF THE EVERGREEN TREES

BY THE LITTLE BIRD WITH THE BROKEN WING

Oh, the Spruce and the Pine
 And the Juniper tree,
 They offered their branches
 To shelter me

They kept me from cold
And they kept me from harm,
They shut out the wind
And covered me warm.

I fed on their berries
And lived in their boughs
Protected from hunger,
Safe-hidden from snows.

But the Oak and the Willow,
The slim, pretty Birch,
They turned a cold shoulder,
Refused me a perch.

Now see how they shiver
When Winter draws near!
All leafless and naked
They stand in their fear.

But the trees that were kind
To the poor, homeless one,
Wear evergreen mantles,
And smile in the sun.

All Winter they stand there
So graceful and green.
The snow may be heavy,
The wind may be keen,

But no Winter weather
Can trouble these three,
The Spruce and the Pine,
And the Juniper tree.

THE TRUE BIRD STORY

One evening Mother said, "I heard a true story to-day, Gordon. It is something like the story of the little bird with a broken wing. A friend of Father's told it to him. The story happened to him."

"What is the story?" said Gordon.

"It is about a Cardinal Bird," said Mother.

"I know the Cardinal Bird," said Gordon. "He is bright, bright red, and so pretty! Dick showed him to me. Dick says he sings best of all."

"Yes, he is a wonderful singer," said Mother. "Shall I tell you the story?"

"Please, dearest," said Gordon.

This is the story Mother told:

THE CARDINAL BIRD

Once there was a Cardinal Bird. He was a beautiful bird. He was dressed all in bright red.

The Cardinal Bird sang a cheery song, all ripples and trills, like the sound of a running brook.

He flew and sang, and lived a happy life.

One day a sudden storm came out of the sky. Hailstones beat on the windows of houses. They beat on the flowers and leaves. They beat on all the little animals that were out of doors.

With the hail came a terrible wind. It blew so hard that it blew all before it.

The beautiful Cardinal Bird was flying home to his nest. The hard, icy hailstones hurt him. He was very cold.

The hail blinded his eyes so that he could hardly see.

But he flew bravely on.

Then, all at once, came the terrible icy wind. It lifted the Cardinal Bird and blew him before it.

In a moment the icy wind dashed the beautiful bird against a high telephone wire. His head was hurt. He fell to the ground.

There he lay, on the hard ground, and the hailstones beat upon him. His breath came in gasps. His heart beat faintly. The little Cardinal Bird was almost dead.

At that moment a man came along the path. His head was bent down, to keep the hail from his eyes. He saw the little bird, at his feet.

“Poor little storm-driven bird,” the man said. He stooped, and took the Cardinal Bird gently in his hand. He saw a bright drop of blood on his beak. The blood was as red as the bright red feathers.

“It is a Cardinal Bird,” the man said. “At least he shall not die here in the cold.”

Very gently he carried the little bird home to his house. He made a cotton nest in a basket, and laid the Cardinal Bird in it. He fed the little bird from a spoon. He bathed the little beak with a soft bit of cotton.

Day after day he took care of the Cardinal Bird.

At first he thought the little bird must die. But no, the Cardinal Bird

did not die. By and by he flew all about the house. But he was not strong.

At last he was well and strong. Then the man took the beautiful bird in his hand, and went to the door. He opened the door and stood on the veranda.

He opened his hand.

“Fly away, little Friend,” he said.
“You are free!”

The Cardinal Bird shot up into the air. Higher and higher he flew, and round all the tree-tops, as if he were wild with joy. Then all at once he came back quite close to the house and perched on a tree-top.

There he began to sing. The little scarlet throat trembled with the strength of the sound. It was a beautiful song of joy and thanks.



The gentleman looked up at the bird and listened with all his heart. He knew the Cardinal Bird was saying,

"Thank you," in his own sweet way.

When the song was over, the gentleman turned away to go into the house.

"Good-bye, beautiful singer," he said.
"I cannot follow your road. Good-bye."

As he opened the door, he heard the sound of wings above his head. Then he felt a light touch on his hair. There was the Cardinal Bird hovering over his head!

The gentleman went into the house. The Cardinal Bird flew in with him. He perched on a chair and made little friendly noises.

"Well, well!" said the gentleman.
"Do you mean that you don't want to go away?"

The Cardinal Bird fluttered his wings, and moved his head, prettily.

“Well, well, indeed,” said the gentleman. “You want to stay! Then we shall not say good-bye. I am glad, indeed, to have you. We shall just add a Cardinal Bird to our family.”

So the Cardinal Bird stayed with his good friend. He made himself a home in one of the tall trees near the house.

All day long he flew in freedom on the roads of the air. But often in the early morning the gentleman would hear a tapping on the window. He would open the window, and his little bird friend would come in. And very often at twilight the same thing would happen.

Always there was water and bird seed for the Cardinal Bird, in the place where he used to find it.

So they lived a happy life. The



Cardinal Bird sang his cheery song at morning and at evening time. And his kind friend listened to the songs and was glad that his hand had saved the little singer from death.

GOING AWAY

At last the lonely time was over. After one more day, Gordon could play with other children.

But this last day was a wonderful day. For Gordon was going away for a visit! Mother and Father and Dick and Gordon were all going away to camp!

The doctor had said, "Gordon needs a change of air. He needs the woods and the mountains."

The doctor had said, too, "Mrs. Hall is very thin and pale. She has taken such good care of Gordon that she is not strong. She needs rest and change."

Father had made all the plans, at once. And now all the family was to go to the big camp, far away in Maine. They were to stay three weeks.



This last day, everything was ready. The expressman came and took away two trunks. The suitcases were packed, ready to put in the car. Mother and Daddy would drive the car all the way to Maine.

Fanny was baking wonderful things for the lunch basket. Gordon could smell the baking in the kitchen. Grandmother had gone to visit Aunt Mary.

Fanny was going to sleep at her mother's house, at the other end of town. She would come every day and feed Betsy, and work in the house. She said, "I am going to clean this house, top to bottom, Mrs. Hall, before you get home. It reminds me of whooping cough!"

"Yes, do, Fanny," said Mother. "Doctor Lane has told you just what to do."

"Trust me," said Fanny.

Mother knew she could trust Fanny. Fanny had lived with them since Dick was a baby. She was faithful and kind.

All Gordon's play clothes were packed in the trunk. His fresh suits, to travel in, were ready. But Mother wanted to make one more suit to wear in the woods.

Mother could sew very nicely. She would cut out a little jacket or a little

pair of trousers. Then she would put them on her electric sewing machine. And "Whirrrrr!" In just no time at all, there would be a little coat or a little pair of trousers, ready for Gordon.

This last day Mother said, "Everything is ready. I have nothing else to do. If Gordon will stay close to me, and try things on, I can finish this little camp suit, to take with us."

So Gordon sat close to the machine. He watched happily. He knew the camp suit would be very nice.

As they sat there together, Mother working, and Gordon watching, Mother said,

"Now, we are like the good little elves of the fairy story. We stitch, stitch, stitch, as fast as we can."

"What little elves?" said Gordon.

"The little elves who helped the poor shoemaker," said Mother.

"I guess it is a story," said Gordon.
"But maybe you are too busy to tell it?"

"Maybe I can tell it while I sew," said Mother. So Gordon sat very, very still. And while Mother sewed, she told this story:

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

Once upon a time there was an honest shoemaker, who was very poor. He worked as hard as he could, but he could not earn enough to keep himself and his wife.

At last he had nothing left but one piece of leather, big enough to make one pair of shoes.



He cut out the shoes, ready to stitch, and left them on the work-bench. Then he said his prayers and went to bed, trusting that he could finish the shoes on the next day and sell them.

Bright and early the next morning, the shoemaker rose and went to his work-bench. The leather was gone and there lay a pair of shoes. There was no sign that any one had been there.

The shoemaker and his wife did not know what to think. But the first customer who came was so pleased with the beautiful shoes that he bought them. He paid so much that the shoemaker was able to buy leather for two pairs.

Happily, he cut out the two pairs. Then, as it was late, he left the pieces on the bench, ready to sew in the morning.

When morning came, two pairs of shoes lay on the bench, most beautifully made. And there was no sign that any one had been there. The shoemaker

and his wife did not know what to think.

That day a customer came and bought both pairs of shoes. He paid so much for them that the shoemaker bought leather for four pairs, with the money.

Once more he cut out the shoes and left them on the bench. And in the morning all four pairs were made.

This went on, until the shoemaker and his wife had money enough. They were very grateful and they wanted to thank the person who had made their happiness.

So one night, after the shoemaker had left the pieces of leather on the bench, he and his wife hid themselves behind a curtain. They left a light in the room.

Just as the clock struck twelve, the door opened softly.

Two tiny elves came dancing into the room, hopped on to the bench, and began to put the pieces together. They had no clothes on, but they had wee little scissors and hammers and thread.

Tap ! tap ! went the little hammers. *Stitch, stitch,* went the thread. The little elves were hard at work.

No one ever worked so fast. In almost no time, all the shoes were stitched and finished.

Then the tiny elves took hold of hands and danced round the shoes on the bench, till the shoemaker and his wife had hard work not to laugh aloud.

Suddenly the clock struck two. At once the little creatures whisked away out of the window, and left the room all as it was before.

The shoemaker and his wife looked at each other, and said, "How can we thank the little elves who have made us happy and prosperous?"

"I should like to make them some pretty clothes," said the wife. "They are quite naked."

"I will make the shoes if you will make the coats," said her husband.

That very day they set about it. The wife cut out two tiny, tiny coats of green, two weeny, weeny waistcoats of yellow, two little pairs of trousers of white, two bits of caps, bright red (for every one knows the elves love bright colors).

Her husband made two little pairs of shoes with long, pointed toes. They made the wee clothes as dainty as could be, with nice little stitches and pretty

buttons. By Christmas-time, they were finished.

On Christmas Eve, the shoemaker cleaned his bench. On it, instead of leather, he laid the two sets of gay little fairy clothes. Then he and his wife hid away as before, to watch.

Promptly at midnight, the little naked elves came in. They hopped upon the bench.

When they saw the little clothes there, they laughed and danced for joy. Each one caught up his little coat and things and began to put them on. Then they looked at each other and laughed in their delight.

At last they began to dance, and, when the clock struck two, they danced quite away, out of the window.



They never came back any more, but from that day they gave the shoemaker and his wife good luck, so that they never needed any more help.

Mother told the elves story very slowly. But she sewed very fast. The electric sewing machine whirred and whirred. Gordon stood up and tried on the blouse. The blouse fitted nicely. He stood up and tried on the trousers. The trousers were just right. He had to try on the blouse again, because of the collar.

Soon after lunch-time the new suit was done. It was just right to wear in the far-away woods. Gordon liked it very much. He put his arms round Mother and said,

“It is a wonderful suit. Thank you *so much!*”

Then Mother packed the new suit in the bag, to put in the car.

GOOD-BYE !

Oh, the wonderful, wonderful next morning !

Gordon waked up at five o'clock and heard Mother and Father moving about in their room.

Soon Mother came in and kissed him. She helped him dress.

They had breakfast early, early. Then Gordon helped carry out the lunch basket. He helped Dick carry it.

Father put the suitcases and coats into the car. He put the lunch basket in the car, in the back seat.

The Sun was coming up out of a gray mist. The dew was wet on the grass. The roses were pink and yellow. Blackie was purring on the doorstep.



“All aboard!” said Father.

They all got into the car.

Mother and Father sat on the front seat. Dick and Gordon sat together on the back seat, beside the lunch basket.

Fanny waved her hand again from the door.

Daddy started the engine.

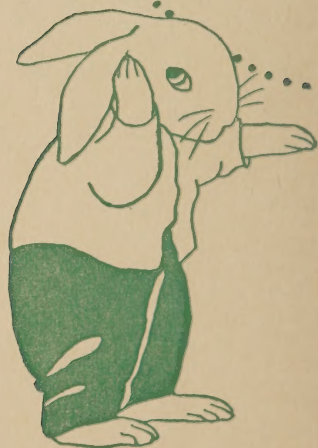
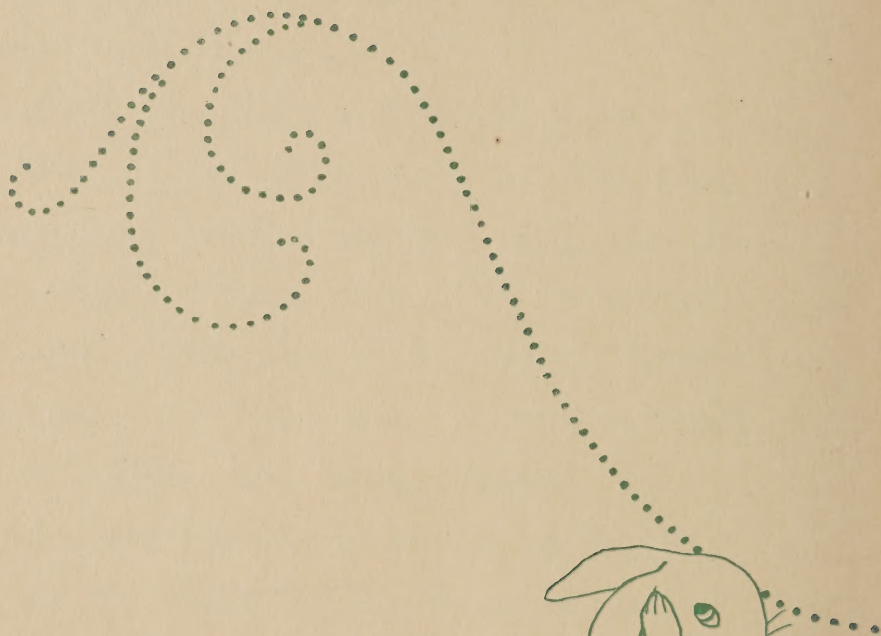
Good-bye, good-bye ! Good-bye, dear white house, and kind Fanny ! Good-bye, Betsy and Blackie !

Good-bye, little red Velocipede !

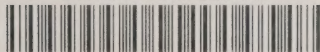
We are off and away, for the long, long road to the North ! Off, for the far-away woods and the wonderful camp ! Off, for the long, happy journey, to lake and mountain, and new sights, and new games !

Gordon's journey to Maine has begun,
And this little book is done, is done.

THE END



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